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59 **F**RANK **L**ESLIE'S
WEEKLY



EASTER
NUMBER

Wm. Johnson
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ARKELL WEEKLY CO.,
NEW YORK.

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Twelfth Annual Report

—OF THE—

MUTUAL RESERVE FUND LIFE ASSOCIATION.

POTTER BUILDING, Park Row, Beekman & Nassau Sts., NEW YORK.

DECEMBER 31, 1892.

Balance Net or Invested Assets December 31, 1891 **\$3,384,437.05**

INCOME DURING 1892.

Received from Members, \$3 949,131.78
Received from Interest and other sources, 148,111.31
Total Income, \$4,097,243.09
Total Resources, \$7,481,680.14

DISBURSEMENTS DURING 1892.

Death losses paid, \$2,702,337.04
Advance payments returned, 529.40
All other disbursements, including commissions, salaries, expenses in adjusting death losses, advertising, printing, rent, traveling and office expenses, etc., 1,088,220.94
Total Disbursements, \$3,791,087.38

Balance December 31, 1892, **\$3,690,592.76**

ASSETS.

Loans on Mortgages, first liens on Real Estate, \$2,310,000.00
Real Estate, English Consols, French Rentes and Bonds, 303,295.24
Cash Deposits in Banks on Reserve or Emergency Fund Account, 768,878.60
Other Cash Deposits in Banks, 111,206.61
All other Assets—accrued interest, uncollected premiums, ledger balances secured, etc., 1,291,905.61
Total Assets, \$4,785,286.06

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding Bond Obligations and unused advance deposits, \$413,414.37
Losses in process of adjustment and not due, 691,088.00
Net present value of all policies in force December 31, 1892, computed as renewable term insurance for sixty days actuaries' table at 4 per cent. interest, not required by law, but voluntarily assumed by this Association, 632,581.00
Total Liabilities, \$1,737,083.37
Net Surplus over all Liabilities, \$3,048,202.69

Business received in 1892—

18,070 applications, amounting to \$60,010,010.00
Rejected, postponed and under investigation, 2,756 applications, 11,363,360.00
15,314 policies written in 1892, **\$48,646,650.00**
72,342 policies in force December 31, 1892, covering, \$236,421,790.00
64,679 policies in force December 31, 1891, covering, 215,207,910.00
7,663 policies increased for 1892, amounting to **\$21,213,880.00**

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} COUNCIL OFFICERS.

EASTER CAROLS.



ON Easter morn
 The softened winds to every quickened ear
 Breathe music sweet, telling the time of year.
 All Nature sings, and in glad antiphon,
 Blent with the organ's tone,
 The voice of Man in praise to heaven is borne.

With April's fairest offerings we adorn
 Our altars, embleming eternal spring
 O'er winter triumphing,
 And good o'er evil, joyousness o'er gloom;
 Yea, Life o'er Death—Christ risen from the tomb
 On Easter morn.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

W. J. ARKELL.....Publisher.

NEW YORK, MARCH 30, 1893.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

UNITED STATES AND CANADA, IN ADVANCE.


One copy, one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy, six months, or 25 numbers	2.00
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Cable address: "Judgeark."

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MR. CLARK HOWELL, of the Atlanta *Constitution*, will reply in our next number to Mrs. Mary E. Lease's article, published in the issue of March 16th entitled "My Recent Trip Through the South." Mr. Howell's article is entitled "The Exit of the Red Devil: a Defense of the South."

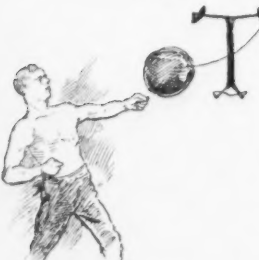
THE SCRAMBLE FOR OFFICE.



NOTHING could be more disgraceful than the furious scramble for office which is now in progress at Washington. All sorts and conditions of men are engaged in it. Senators, Governors, and Representatives, partisan heelers and vagrants, men without character and men with just enough respectability to save them from social ostracism—all help to swell the army of marauders who throng the White House, the Capitol, and the departments. We do not wonder that the President, harassed and annoyed beyond expression, has adopted summary measures of protection, and proposes hereafter to treat his tormentors as they deserve. To that end he has announced that he will not permit the office-seekers to interfere with the proper conduct of the public business; that, while they will be given a hearing when other duties will permit, they must understand that the consideration of their claims will be in all cases subordinated to other and more important official matters.

Every right-minded citizen will applaud this decision. It is to be expected that the President will bestow the more important appointments upon Democrats. But he should be permitted to do this in his own way and in his own time, and he should be absolutely relieved from the intolerable importunities of tag-rag and bobtail politicians. As to the minor offices, there are some indications that the administration will not disturb competent incumbents before the expiration of the terms for which they were appointed. In the Navy Department, Secretary Herbert declares that he will carry out the civil-service policy of his predecessor. Recently the contract-labor inspector at Ellis Island, a Republican, who forwarded his resignation to the Secretary of the Treasury, was surprised by the information that, being an efficient and honest official, he would be expected to go right on with his duties. It may be that this is an exceptional case, but we suspect that it fairly illustrates the policy which is to be pursued concerning all the subordinate branches of the public service. However this may be, it is obvious that the President means, so far as possible, to select his appointees with reference to their business capacity. This will be especially the case in the consular service, as to which he will follow the example of President Harrison, and select, preferably, practical business men, who will be able from their experience in trade to promote American commercial interests.

THE LAW AND THE BRUISERS.



THE business of punching the wind out of the other man, or knocking him into unconsciousness or death, proceeds without interruption in nearly every State of the Union. It is carried on systematically and defiantly, without regard to police ordinances or the enactments of Legislatures. Under the

name of glove contests—a euphemism which no practical sporting man can utter or read without a grin—the brutalities of the old prize-ring are renewed, with the same danger to life and limb, the same environment of gamblers, brutes, and blacklegs, and the same attendant demoralization of society as in the days of naked knuckles and roped inclosures in the open fields. It is only necessary to understand what the gloved prize-fighting of 1893 really is, and then to read the pugilistic intelligence of a single day in almost any newspaper you may pick up, in order to perceive the fact that civilization has made

little, if any, progress in this respect during the past fifty years.

With a partially reformed nomenclature, and under slightly modified conditions, the prize-ring flourishes in the United States to-day as never before. Is it because of the increased interest in physical and athletic development? No; because the distinction between legitimate exhibitions of strength and skill, and slugging matches for blood and money, is so sharply defined that only the least sophisticated citizen can possibly confound the two things. The fiction of the past that serious pugilism is to a certain extent redeemed from the odium attaching to other diversions of the savage or semi-savage, inasmuch as there is something peculiarly manly in the art of flattening an antagonist's nose or breaking his rib in spite of the best he can do with his forearms, does not stand the test of modern standards, either of morality or of common sense. It is less manly, even from the semi-savage point of view, than the combat with sabres, or with rapier and dagger, or with short two-edged swords, or with tridents and entangling nets; and the circumstance that these older and nobler forms of gladiatorial enterprise require muscular agility and physical courage and endurance in a high degree, and involve great personal risk, would not serve to justify them before public opinion, or to shelter them from police interference. That is not why the prize-ring exists in America in the last years of the nineteenth century. Is it because public sensibility is becoming duller with regard to cruel or debasing or shocking or sickening spectacles? No; because that is not the case. Any attempt to introduce bull-fighting or bear-baiting would result in prompt activity of the authorities in behalf of the tortured bull or bear; even the winter racing of horses has been suppressed in New Jersey within a fortnight in deference to the general sentiment of indignation. Is it because of any defect in existing laws, a lack of legislation enabling the officers of peace and order to put an end to knock-out slugging? No; for the prize-fighter who fights with intent to damage his opponent is subject, under the laws of any State or Territory, to arrest and punishment as for any other aggravated form of assault and battery; and, besides this, there are special statutes in nearly every State, perhaps in every State except Louisiana, designed to make it easy to punish not only the bruisers, but also the roughs and gamblers who instigate and promote these encounters.

The trouble is not a lack of law, but a lack of enforcement of the laws against such illegal and immoral exhibitions. The laws are not seriously enforced by the police and district attorneys because behind the prize-fighters and the organizers of slugging-matches is the same tremendous power which decent public sentiment has to confront and master whenever it undertakes any measure of practical reform—that is, the organized power of the gamblers and speculators in chance. If the Anglo-Saxon love of sport alone determined the frequency and quality of boxing-matches, so-called, they would speedily be confined to proper harmlessness. It is a rather curious thing that, while the public conscience is so generally stirred at this time on this question that it has suppressed the great lotteries and is crowding out the pool-rooms and the purely gambling race-tracks, it should delay so long its effective attacks upon the worst gambling evil of all—the gambling on human life when exposed to the hazards of the prize-ring.

There are signs of an awakening of public sentiment in this regard, but the signs are sporadic and not wholly satisfactory. In New Orleans the vigorous efforts of Miss Farwell are bringing the respectable part of that community to a sense of its disgrace before the world. The precious concern known as the Crescent City Athletic Club, which during its short existence has done so much to demoralize society, is reported to be in a bad way financially. The older and equally notorious organization in San Francisco for the promotion of homicidal sport, the California Athletic Club, has just gone into bankruptcy, and the San Francisco press is beginning to cry out against the evil. In New York City the vigor and good faith of Superintendent Byrnes leave little to be desired; but across the river, in Kings County, where the Coney Island Club's performances are a scandal to the metropolitan region, the district-attorney's office has just been reported as declaring that it sees no necessity of interfering. And the Christian city of Buffalo is now getting an extensive advertisement through the activity of a syndicate of gentlemanly amateurs, who are willing to pay from \$40,000 to \$75,000 for the honor and profit of entertaining two of the most eminent pugilists in the world next September, when they propose to meet, and with gloved fists batter each other until one of them can no longer stand on his legs.

There is one way in which the press of the country can help along a reform that is beyond the power of any single individual or association or newspaper to accomplish. That is, by giving the same prominence and space as news to such murderous incidents of gloved pugilism as were witnessed in the Hawkins-Miller fight at San Francisco, and within a few days in the rooms of the "athletic club" at Grand Rapids, Michigan, that it now gives to the intentions, movements, negotiations, and manifestoes of the bruisers and their attendant law-breakers, preceding the homicide.

LET THERE BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE "BROOKLYN."



ONE of the first important matters that Secretary Herbert will be called to pass upon in the continuance of the construction of the new navy will be the advisability of making a change in the plans of the armored cruiser *Brooklyn*, the contract for the construction of which, at Cramps' ship-yard, has been signed. It will be remembered that the *Brooklyn* is to be of the aggressive fighting type, like the cruiser *New York*, soon to take her place in the new navy. Secretary Tracy said of the *New York*, in one of his reports, that her like was not to be seen in the navy of any country. His idea was that she should be the most aggressive fighting vessel in the world. When, therefore, he announced that the *Brooklyn* would be more formidable than the *New York*, that she would be of about one thousand greater tonnage, with stronger armament, higher freeboard, greater radius, and possibly increased speed, there was much satisfaction, and the approval was general of Secretary Tracy's selection of the city of his home as the name for this finest and best product of his exceedingly brilliant administration; its best and practically its closing work.

When the drawings of the *Brooklyn* were given to the public it was seen that there was to be a radical departure in one feature of war-vessels, and the change was looked upon with much concern, especially by naval experts. She was to have smoke-stacks one hundred feet high, and the forced-draught system in use in all modern high-grade war-vessels and fast merchantmen was to be abandoned. The idea was represented to be of English origin, and was said to have been adopted on the recommendation of Engineer-in-chief Melville of the navy. The experts thought it a pity that the success of such a magnificent vessel should be involved in an experiment with smoke-stacks.

It is now certain that Mr. Herbert will be asked to return to the forced-draught system in the construction of the *Brooklyn*. It will be pointed out to him that, except in cases where it is desirable to carry off foul gases, high chimneys are no longer built on land. A forced-draught engine at the base of a chimney answers every purpose. In the case of a war-ship the desirability of shortening rather than of lengthening the smoke-stacks would seem to be worthy of attainment. Increased draught by lengthening the smoke-stacks would seem to be a costly experiment for the reason that it places the mechanical device for increasing speed directly under the enemy's guns, small as well as large. These smoke-stacks would be a splendid target, and their destruction probably the quickest way of crippling the vessel and placing her under a disadvantage. Moreover, there would be greater danger to men on board in case they should fall after being partially shot away. The argument that it is better to secure increased draught by engines far below the surface of the water, and protected by armor, where there can be no doubt as to the continued efficiency of the system in time of engagement, rather than by a device constantly exposed to the enemy's fire, would seem to be worthy of Mr. Herbert's most serious attention. At any rate, the suggestion that the new system of high smoke-stacks should be tried on some less important vessel than the *Brooklyn*, and that in the construction of that vessel as few risks as possible should be undertaken, is one that seems scarcely open to discussion.

A FIRST-CLASS APPOINTMENT.



HON. WILLIAM McADOO.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has made no mistake in his selection of Hon. William McAdoo as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Mr. McAdoo is not only a well-equipped man of affairs, but he is in full sympathy with the most progressive ideas as to the enlargement and Americanization of the navy. Indeed, during his eight years' service as a member of the Naval Committee of the House, his efforts were constantly directed toward securing a navy in every respect worthy of the country, and probably no man has contributed more largely to the results so far achieved than he has done. Mr. McAdoo's public career has been an exceptionally honorable one from the beginning. Of Irish parentage, and coming here when a child, educated in the public schools and then studying law, he served with distinction for two or three

terms in the New Jersey Legislature, and was then advanced to the House of Representatives, where he made a reputation as an industrious, upright, and capable legislator, commanding the confidence equally of men of both parties. Of studious habit, conscientious and courageous in the maintenance of his convictions, and having a technical knowledge of naval affairs possessed by few civilians, he will prove a most valuable aid to the chief of his department, and a public servant with whom the supreme motive will be the furtherance of the public interests.

A LABOR STRIKE ENJOINED.

It is not surprising that the action of the Federal Court in Ohio concerning the striking locomotive engineers should create a sensation. It is quite natural that men should ask whether it is in the power of a court to declare when and for whom they shall work; whether this is not a free country, where every man is the master of his own faculties, and whether the exercise of such judicial power does not tend to make them serfs. But, when applied to such a matter as the moving of trains over our two hundred thousand miles of railroad, with human life and property at stake on a vast scale, such generalization as this will not do. The actual circumstances under which the court assumed to exercise the power which seems so arbitrary and unusual must be considered.

The jurisdiction of a court of equity to enjoin unlawful combinations in restraint of trade has often been exercised. To restrain acts which will cause irreparable injury until they can be subjected to judicial inquiry, is one of its most vital and beneficent powers. And the fearless exercise of such power in matters of great public concern is essential to the safety of the State. The Federal Court in Ohio held that the engineers charged with moving portions of the great railway system must not desert their posts at a critical moment, and that the chief of their brotherhood must revoke orders requiring them to become such deserters. Two lines in its order will disclose the principle on which the court put forth its power. "It appearing to the court that serious, irreparable, and immediate damage will ensue unless a temporary restraining order is allowed, it is ordered, etc." This was the ground on which Arthur and Watson were commanded to annul their orders preventing engineers from moving trains. And in dealing with the men who refused to move them, the court pointed out that they were in a public service, and could not choose their time to quit it, and that if they were permitted to do so at their will they might with impunity choose a time, place, and circumstances which would involve immense damage, and jeopardize the lives of the traveling public. This puts the matter upon grounds that appeal to the common sense of the people. However broad may be our rights as citizens of a free country, we are not beyond the law, nor free to endanger the lives of others. We have not reached the sort of liberty which Tennyson calls "Freedom free to slay herself and dying while we shout her name."

The railroad system of this country is its greatest public interest, and it has grown so vast that it has been taken to a large extent under national control by the Interstate Commerce act and the recent act to prevent unlawful combinations in restraint of the immense trade of which it is the instrument. If the courts have no power to prevent discontented individuals from paralyzing that system at their will—even long enough to inquire into the grounds of discontent—then the legislative power must go still further, and this may lead to the fulfillment of the hopes of the State socialists, who wish to see the whole system put under Federal management. In Germany, where such is the case, engineers abandoning moving trains would feel the weight of military power, and would have no opportunity to discuss the extent of judicial authority. It is much better for us to let our courts consider the facts of each case calmly, and to mark the line where the freedom of the individual must yield to the safety of the people and the rights of the community as a whole. It is gratifying to see that the chiefs of the brotherhood accept this view and submit without demur to the mandate of the court. The questions between the corporations and their employes should be fought out there, and not upon the tracks of the railways where such precious burdens are endangered.

During the remainder of this year immense tides of travel will be pouring over this country. It will be intolerable to hold that the engineers may have all grievances, real or fancied, redressed by the simple process of choosing the most critical time for deserting their posts. We might as well try to maintain an army or a fire department under the plan of letting men desert during a battle or a fire, and suing them for damages afterward.

A WELCOME IMMIGRATION.

It is announced that the Waldenses who still inhabit the ancestral mountain tract on the Italian side of the Cottian Alps, the scene of so many tragedies of cruel oppression, have recently determined to emigrate in a body to North Carolina, if a committee which has been sent on a visit of inspection shall make a favorable report. The Waldenses who have survived the persecutions of centuries now number some four thousand in all, and retain, it

is said, all the distinguishing virtues of their heroic ancestors. With their industrious and frugal habits they would prove a very valuable acquisition to any community. It is altogether natural that in contemplating emigration they should turn their eyes to North Carolina. The climate of that State resembles in its salubrity that of France and Italy, and they would of course find this a great attraction, while the opportunities for acquiring comfortable homes at moderate cost, with remunerative employment in various industries, would be exceptionally favorable. But we imagine that it is not these things which especially attract them to North Carolina. They turn to it because its history reflects so conspicuously the spirit of independence and the love of liberty which have been their own peculiar characteristics. In none of the colonies was the freedom of religion more stubbornly maintained than in this, where early settlers were Presbyterians, Moravians, Huguenots, Lutherans, and Quakers, who had become impatient of tyranny and privilege. Every attempt to establish the English Church and collect church rates was met with sturdy and not always passive resistance, and out of this prevalent feeling came naturally the famous Mecklenburg resolutions of 1775, in which British authority was repudiated and a new government was organized recognizing only the Provincial Congress. It is not surprising that a State with such a history should attract a people whose struggles for liberty of conscience have been among the grandest, as they have been among the costliest, in human annals. And we may be sure that if these Waldenses determine to emigrate thither the old North State will give them a cordial welcome.

THE HAWAIIAN BUSINESS.



HON. JAMES H. BLOUNT.

led up to the recent revolution. This action of the President is eminently wise. While we do not believe that the annexation of the islands is advisable under any circumstances, it is of the first importance that the precise facts in the case should be ascertained as a basis of future action, whatever it may be. It is to be remembered that the action heretofore taken was based entirely upon the testimony of the commissioners who represent the revolutionary party. It may be that the overthrow of the monarchical system was a natural expression of the popular sentiment, and that the provisional government represents the dominant feeling of the islands. There are other facts, however, which must be taken into account, and until these are authoritatively ascertained no decisive action can be wisely had.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

It is not probably generally known that the good Queen of England adds to her other official functions that of royal editorship. According to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Court Circular is always edited by her Majesty. "It is written out on a sheet of plain paper by the appointed person whose duty it is, and placed by her Majesty's plate, with her pencil, with which the Queen makes any corrections or additions which she may deem necessary. It is then 'fair copied' and dispatched to the papers." The Court Circular can hardly be regarded as a product of the highest editorial capacity, but no doubt the Queen does as well as she can with the material available.

There is a growing confidence in financial circles that the danger-point in the business situation has been successfully passed, and that the government will be able, without any present legislation, to maintain the parity of gold and silver. Curiously enough, this result appears to be partly due to the action of the national banks in the silver communities of the West, in offering gold to the Treasury Department in exchange for legal tenders of small denominations. The first exchange of this kind, to the amount of over one million dollars, was made by Denver banks, and their offerings have been followed by so many others from other sections that Secretary Carlisle is now said to entertain but little, if any, anxiety as to the future. The action of the Western banks appears to have been due to business considerations—mainly to the demand for small legal-tender notes—rather than to any pressure of patriotic motive, but the result has been most helpful in averting financial disaster, and it is that fact which chiefly concerns the public. The circumstance has great significance as tending to show that Jay Gould was

right when he said, years ago, that it was "no longer possible for any clique or syndicate of capitalists in this city to corner the money market," as certain financiers were suspected of an attempt to do during the closing hours of the Harrison administration.

In the reorganization of the Senate committees the Democrats have made the best use of the material at hand consistently with the limitations of precedent and usage. In the main the more important committees appear to be wisely constituted. The selection of Senator Morgan as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations is especially commendable. Senator Morgan is a man of broad views, of great ability, and withal thoroughly in sympathy with the most advanced ideas of American progress. He was held in high respect by President Harrison, and is recognized by Republicans generally as a statesman of the best and purest type. The selection of Senator Voorhees as chairman of the Finance Committee does not commend itself to the East, but under the Senate rules it was unavoidable. This committee has eleven members, of whom six are for free coinage and five against free coinage—a division which accurately reflects the present sentiment of the Senate on the silver question. Mr. McPherson succeeds to the chairmanship of the Committee on Naval Affairs, of which he has been a member for many years, and will no doubt be found in sympathy with the policy which Secretary Herbert is expected to maintain. Messrs. Kyle and Peffer, the Populist Senators, are provided with chairmanships, being expected to vote with the Democrats; and Mr. Stewart, who does not seem to know where he is "at" except as to the silver question, is made chairman of the Committee on Mines and Mining, but is removed by the Republicans from the Committee on Appropriations, of which he has been a member.

PHOTOGRAPH OF BABY RUTH.

THERE was such a demand for the issue of FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY which contained the handsome picture of Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth that the edition was exhausted within a few days of the day of publication. The publishers, in response to requests from all over the country for the picture, have had photographs made from the original sketch by the well-known photographers, Pach Brothers, of New York. These photographs are cabinet size, and are exceedingly good portraits of little Miss Cleveland and her popular mother. They will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of 25 CENTS EACH.

The money received from the sale of these photographs will be donated by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY to some children's charitable institution in New York City, and such donation might most appropriately be considered in the light of a contribution by her many friends in honor of the "little mistress of the White House."

No photographs of this picture not bearing the imprint of Pach Bros., or the words "Copyrighted by FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY," are genuine. Address all orders to the publishers,

ARKELL WEEKLY COMPANY,
110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LITERARY CONTEST NO. 2.

ANOTHER MISSING-WORD COMPETITION.

For the benefit of those unfamiliar with these competitions, we repeat to some extent the wording of our first announcement. These word competitions have been the rage in England, and have in some instances been participated in by over 200,000 persons, each person contributing a shilling entrance-fee, and the total amount of the entrance-fees of the 200,000 or more participants being divided equally among those who supplied the missing word. In such cases some one hundred or more successful "word suppliers" received nearly \$500 each.

Here are the terms of the present contest: Each person who wishes to try to supply the missing word in the paragraph that will presently follow must cut out the "Missing-Word Coupon" on this page of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and with name and address and the missing word plainly written in the proper blank spaces, send the same to this office, together with twenty-five cents in postage-stamps or currency. The total of the entrance-fees will be divided equally among those who correctly supply the missing word. This coupon will be printed in the paper each week until the close of the contest. The contest closes at noon May 1st, and no coupons can be received after that date and hour.

This is the paragraph, which is a quotation from a well-known American author, whose works are to be found in every public, and almost every private, library:

"He has ——— the beard of the King of Spain."

Competitors may make as many attempts as they choose, but each attempt must be made on a coupon taken from this paper and accompanied by the entrance-fee of twenty-five cents. But one correct answer can be credited to the same name.

In addition to their pro-rata share of the total amount of money received, the LESLIE will give the three persons first sending in the correct word \$25, \$15, and \$10 respectively—the first receiving \$25, the second \$15, and the third \$10. To each of the first one hundred persons sending in coupons (whether successful or not), it will give the LESLIE photograph of "Mrs. Cleveland and Baby Ruth."

THE MISSING-WORD COUPON.

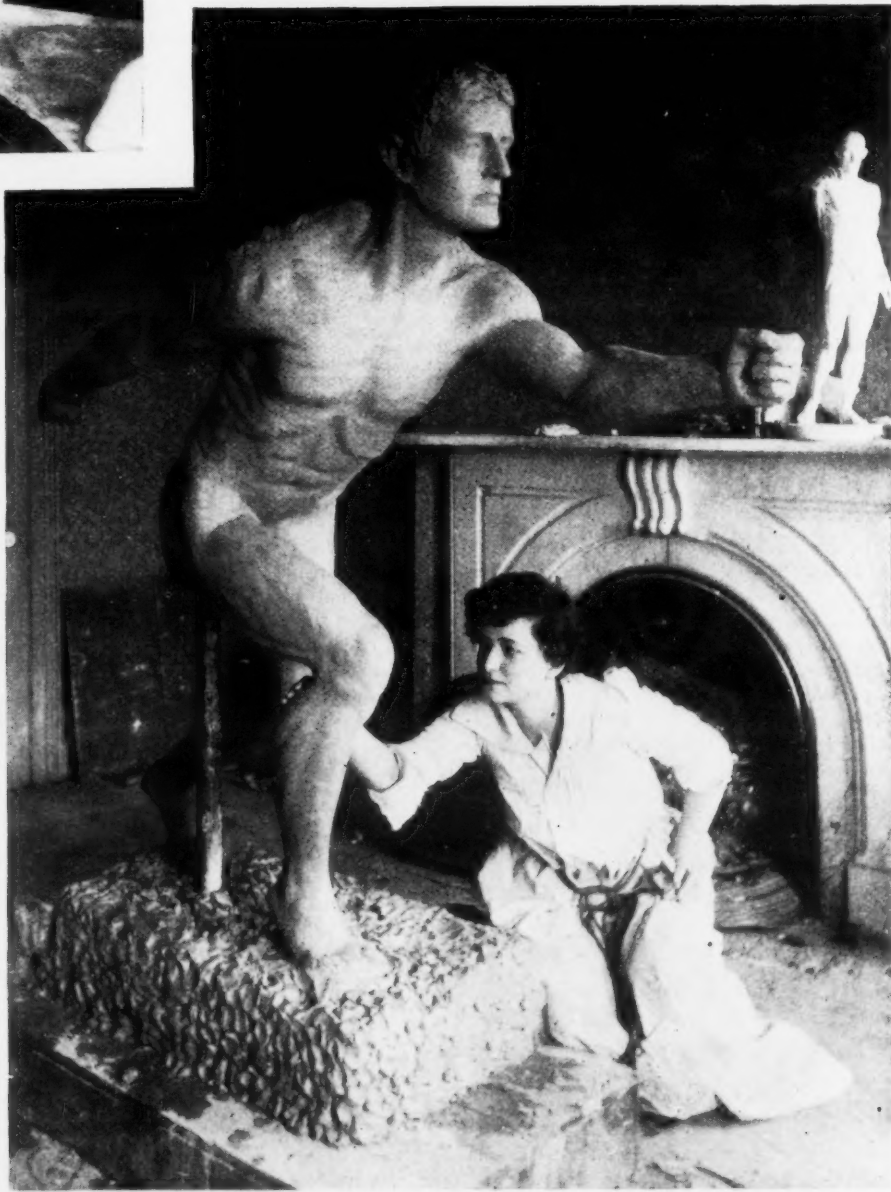
Entrance-fee to the contest, twenty-five cents in currency or stamps. Cut this coupon out, fill up the blanks, and with the entrance-fee post it to the Arkell Weekly Company, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Name.....
Street.....
Post Office.....
Missing word.....
March 30th, 1893.

In order that there may be no doubt as to the legality of these contests we append the following official letter, received by the publishers of the LESLIE:

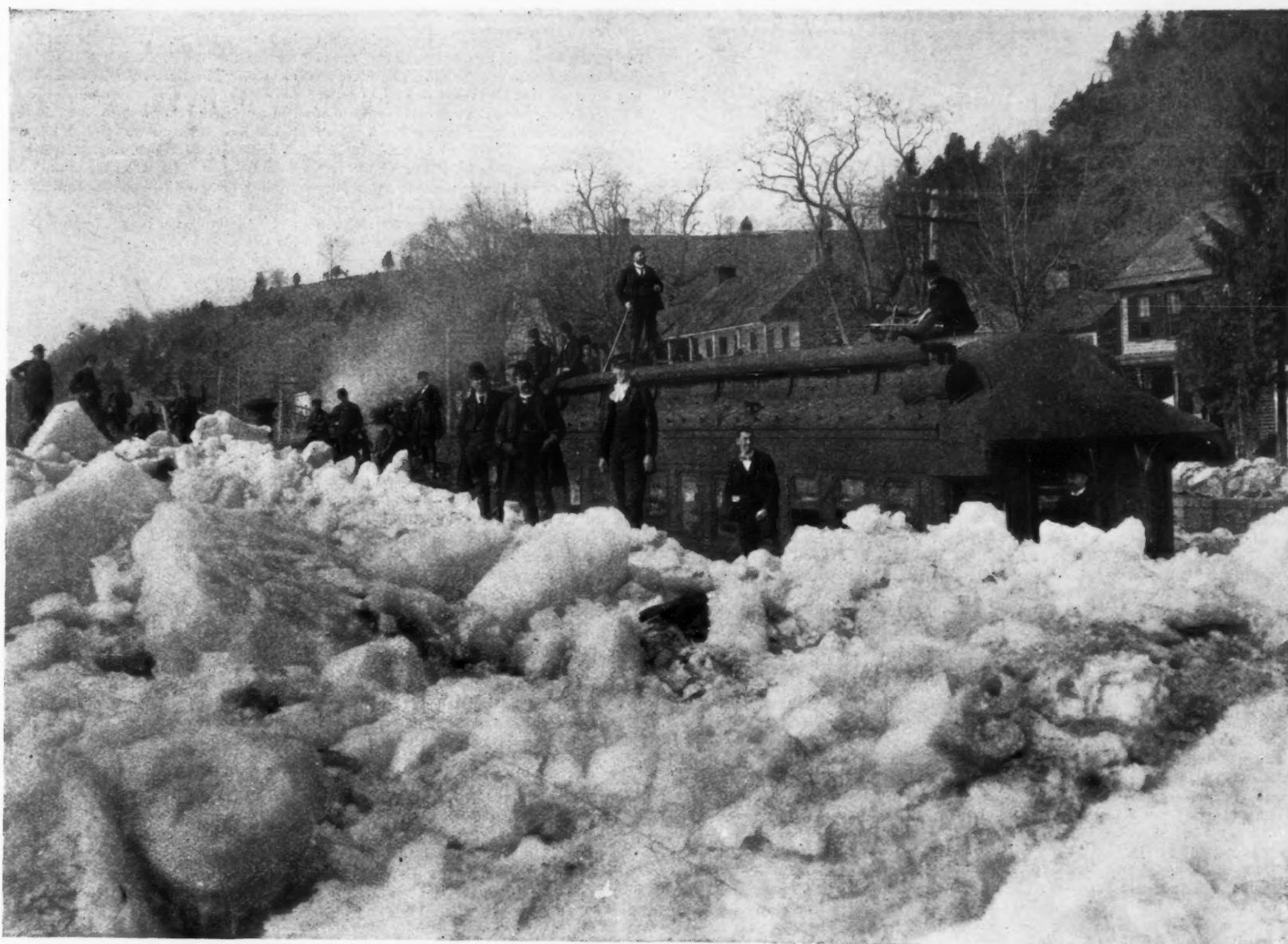
"WASHINGTON, D. C., December 22d, 1892.

"DEAR SIR:—General Tyner is absent in New York; hence, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 21st instant. "The modified advertisement of your 'Missing-word Contest' seems to comply in every particular with the suggestions made by the assistant attorney-general in his letter of the 20th instant. The scheme as it now stands does not in any wise conflict with the provisions of the lottery law. Very respectfully,
R. W. HAYNES,
"Acting Assistant Attorney-General."



AMERICAN WOMEN IN SCULPTURE.

MISS KÜHNE BEVERIDGE, THE TALENTED YOUNG SCULPTRESS, AT WORK ON THE UNFINISHED STATUE OF THE SPRINTER.
 PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 205.]



VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE ICE.



LOOKING SOUTH AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE ICE.

THE ICE-GORGE AT PORT DEPOSIT, MARYLAND, ON THE LINE OF THE COLUMBIA AND PORT DEPOSIT RAILWAY (OPERATED BY THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY), AND HOW IT WAS REMOVED.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. L. BARRY.—[SEE PAGE 205]

A GLAD EASTER.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

"IT'S ever since Halloween you've been putting me off in the same way, and small wonder it is that sometimes I doubt if you mean ever to keep the promise you made me then."

"You must not doubt me, Robert. I have promised to be your wife, and that should be enough for you."

"Enough for me?"

"Enough to make you believe me."

"Well, I do believe you meant it then, but now—I don't know. See here, May; be reasonable. What good is there in putting it off any longer? You know I love you so that, near or far, you are always in my heart and thoughts; my memory and my hope begin and end with you. It's a sad life to be always longing for something one cannot have, and often my heart is sore wishing for you. Yet you did profess to love me. You said yes when I asked you if you would be my wife. And just see how you've been putting it off; on one excuse and another you've gone on saying no through four months, up to March, when you knew I couldn't help myself but wait through Lent; and now, when Easter is almost here, and I ask you to name the day, just to name it—not in a hurry like, but just to have it settled within some reasonable time, say within a week, or even ten days, after Easter—"

The girl, who had been shyly looking down and industriously plaiting her apron-hem, glanced up with an arch smile and replied, interrupting him, in a tone of laughing protest:

"A week or ten days! Oh, that wouldn't be at all in a hurry, would it?"

"Well, but consider: it isn't just a week or ten days, but ever since the last of October, that we've been waiting. Why do you want to defer our happiness any longer—and we growing older all the time?"

"That is a serious consideration, Rob. I never thought of it before. But, tell me, do you really see any streaks of silver in my hair? Are the crowfeet gathering at the corners of my eyes?"

"No, you little witch; but if they were there I couldn't see them, for your eyes dazzle my sight. But why don't you come to the point? Here you are, like a hen-partridge leading a fool boy away from her chicks, taking me miles off from the main thing for us to consider—what day shall we be married?"

"Oh, Robert! Are you at that again? I should think you would get tired of it."

"Maybe I will be if you keep on in this way. But, no, dear—I didn't mean that; only, sometimes you do put me out of patience. But you know you'll have to set the day sooner or later, and why not now as well as any time. Don't you mind how, when we burned the two nuts together at Halloween, they stayed side by side until they were all white ashes without ever moving? What better than that would you want to show you we belong to each other? Come, now, May; how would Monday, or Tuesday, suit you?"

"Oh, Robert! What would people say?"

"They'd say, 'So May Elkins and Robert Thorburn are married, at last. We expected it of them months ago.'"

"Well—I'll think about it."

"You always say that."

"Oh, but this time I really will."

"And when will you give me my answer? To-morrow?"

"Oh, no, Rob. That is too soon."

"Then say Sunday, in the organ-loft, during the sermon. Surely that will give you time enough to make up your mind."

"What! Only one day? And I shall not have a minute to myself, even to think, until after Easter Sunday. I have a new voluntary to practice, and there will be two choir rehearsals; and I have to fix up my lilies and decorate their pots and get them to the church, and place them there; and then there will be the extraordinary service on Easter Sunday. Why, Rob, I shall be just too busy for anything."

"That's the way it always goes. Everything else but our wedding. I wonder if it wouldn't be a relief to you if you were to see me no more and be bothered no more about it."

And angrily, without waiting for reply, the young man turned from the gate over which he had leaned while talking and strode away.

"Are you going down in the mine now?" she called after him.

She did not so much ask because she wanted

to know, as to afford him an excuse for coming back, and if he had done so, it is not improbable that success might have crowned his long pleadings. But he did not understand that. He felt hurt, perhaps a little angry, and as the question at issue seemed settled—for the time, at least—flung out a sullen yes, and moodily went his way.

She looked after him penitently for a moment, then, with a slight shrug of her shoulders and a smile, turned back into the little cottage where she lived with her widowed mother, and, passing through it to the back yard, there busied herself with one of the cares of which she had spoken—the preparation of her Easter lilies for the Sunday display in church.

One of the events of the year in the village of Dowelton was the annual display, on Easter Sunday, in St. Luke's, of potted specimens of *lilium candidum*, in which had sprung up quite a rivalry among the young ladies of the congregation. The little prize offered by the good old rector, the Rev. Mr. Bardley, had been taken the two years last past by Miss May Elkins, the pretty organist of the church, and as her eyes now wandered in loving admiration over the dozen plants that she had reared to perfect development of their beauty, she felt confident of a third triumph. But not even the charm of their wealth of snowy, fragrant bloom could beguile her from repentant thoughts of the interview with her lover. He was a noble, handsome, manly fellow, she said to herself, and she loved him very dearly; but, for reasons that she would make known in good time, she really did not want yet to fix the day for their marriage. Why couldn't he be patient?

And Robert, as he strode away home to don his miner's clothing before going down to his work in the Shields colliery, thought it was very hard indeed that she should be so obdurate. Coal-miners at that time—during the war of the Rebellion—earned very large wages, and, as he had been temperate and prudent, he was ready to bring his wife to a well-furnished home, in a cottage all his own, with the comforting assurance of a few hundred dollars in bank as provision against possible future "rainy days." Why, then, after having professed to love him and giving her consent to be his wife, she should now show such reluctance to their union, he could not understand. True, some mischief-maker had whispered to him a hint that her style of beauty seemed to have attractions for the young lawyer, Mr. Champney; but no one had yet ventured the suggestion that Mr. Champney's style of beauty had attractions for her. The young miner was in a decidedly bad humor when he started to go down the mine with the "four-o'clock shift" of operatives.

When he had almost reached the mine Robert suddenly remembered that he had to carry down with him a keg of powder, and turned out of his way to the company's store to obtain it. When he was some fifty yards from the store he saw standing before it two figures that he recognized at once as May Elkins and "the dark man," Mr. Champney. Just before he reached them the lawyer took leave of the girl, sprang into his buggy, beside which he had been standing, and drove rapidly away.

May, turning to enter the store, was startled at finding herself confronted by her lover, whose face, distorted and darkened by jealous passion, was scarcely recognizable. Before she, in her surprise and alarm, could utter a word he said, roughly:

"So! It has gone that far, has it? You meet him when you think I am down in the mine."

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed, pleadingly, "I had to come out to the store, and it was only by accident that I met him."

"It's 'by accident,' too, I suppose, that he visits your house when I'm safely under ground. You needn't try to deny it. I've been told all about it. No wonder you didn't want to take my name. Your own is safer for such things. I was warned, but wouldn't believe until I saw with my own eyes. I loved you so that I was a fool. I trusted your fair, false face—that I hope I may never see again!"

To save himself the shame of the sob that was welling up from his tortured heart, the poor fellow rushed away, again in his excitement forgetting all about the needed powder, for which his "helper," David Evans, had to be sent later.

May's horror and alarm seemed to paralyze her faculties, so that she stood speechless while

he poured the hot torrent of his reproaches upon her, unhappily thereby confirming in his jealous mind his conviction of her guilt. And when he was gone all that she could do was to totter home and there fall into a grievous paroxysm of weeping and sobbing. "It was cruel, unjust, unworthy of him, to speak so to me," she said to herself, again and again. Yet each time her heart found for him the excuse that it was, after all, his love for her that made him cruel.

Shortly after midnight, that same night, a thrill of terrified anxiety and anguish ran through the little community of Dowelton. The miners of the "four-o'clock shift" were firing their last "shots," preparatory to "knocking off" at twelve o'clock, when one unlucky blast burst the wall of some hidden and previously unsuspected subterranean reservoir of water, and in an instant what seemed to be a river began flooding the mine. The operatives on the lowest level had barely time to make hair-breadth escapes therefrom, pursued by the roaring, foaming torrent to the foot of the main shaft, up which—after filling the galleries below—it boiled and leaped, tossing on its turbid bosom a gigantic mass of drift composed of coal-cars, wrecked air-locks, dead mules, and timbers. Higher and higher in the shaft it mounted, submerging the mouths of the galleries on the next level, and those who last reached the surface reported that it was already threatening the third level from the bottom. The miners stood aghast at the calamity. One ran through the town shrieking:

"The Shields mine is flooded!"

In coal-mining communities everybody seems to live in momentary expectation of such alarms. A sense of peril hovers in the air. Few moments suffice to bring every one running to the scene of a disaster. While the man, still running, panted forth his appalling cry, a dense crowd of men and women had already gathered about the mouth of the Shields shaft—miners shouting the names of relatives and friends whom they knew had been in the flooded mine, women hysterically weeping and seeking their loved ones. By this time a call of the roll had made known the worst, so far as loss of life was to be feared. But four men—Joe Bliss and Robert Thorburn, miners; and Tim Maguire and David Evans, their helpers—were missing. Only four lives lost! The community breathed easier. The lost men had been working in the most remote part of the second level from the bottom of the mine, the mouth of which had already been submerged by the still rapidly rising river. There was hardly one chance in a thousand that they had not been drowned, and as for rescue, when the pumps, after working eight hours, showed that they were gaining on the flood, Mr. Glynn, the mine superintendent, calculated that, at the rate of progress made, it would be probably ten days before even recovery of their bodies would be practicable.

All that long, wretched Saturday May Elkins stood in the throng at the shaft, under a steady drizzle of rain. She seemed unconscious of exposure, hunger, or fatigue. There were no tears in her eyes, no words upon her lips except when some one, addressing her, compelled reply, and then her voice sounded hoarse and unnatural, while her words, seemingly found with difficulty, were generally irrelevant. Her eyeballs seemed to burn; a glowing spot of color upon each cheek showed strangely bright in her otherwise pallid face, and from time to time her frame was shaken by a nervous tremor. One obstinate thought excluded all others from her mind:

"He said that he hoped never to see my face again, and he will not. Never! never again!"

Some time after dark she submitted to being led home by her mother, whose persistent and well-directed sympathy at length brought to her the relief of tears, and so perhaps saved her reason. In a tempest of sobs and incoherent self-reproaches she wept:

"He went from me in anger, and is gone forever! My Rob; and I loved him better than my life. Gone thinking me false!—never to return! Never to know that I loved him only and was true to him."

The morning of Easter Sunday dawned bright and beautiful, and the air seemed full of the vivifying breath of spring, but all the deeper for the contrast was felt the gloom and sadness in the group of patient watchers waiting at the Shields shaft, upon whom the first rays of daylight fell. May Elkins was already among them, silent, altogether undemonstrative, but looking like a statue of despair. She appeared unconscious of all about her. Gradually the crowd increased. Everybody spoke in whispers. The loudest sounds were the slow creakings and occasional clanks of the great pump rods. Mr. Glynn reported that the water in the mine had been lowered three inches during the past twenty-two hours. His first estimate had

been too sanguine. They could hardly hope to recover the bodies in less than a couple of months. "Fire-damp?" Of course. That must have killed them long ere this, even if the water had not reached them. There was no hope.

The Rev. Mr. Bardley, the good old rector of St. Luke's, stood beside May whispering words of consolation. She did not seem to hear him. Finding these ineffective, and fearing that her grief would plunge her into settled melancholy and so dethrone her reason, he tried to awaken her to a sense of duty.

"Do not forget," he said to her, gently, "that others are left who need you. Think of your mother. And remember that I depend upon you for our church music—a hallowed service that will yet bring to you sweet surcease of sorrow."

She looked at him with a dazed expression for a few moments, and then replied, hoarsely:

"What have I now to do with music? I shall never play again."

At that very moment the watchman at the McClintock shaft, in plain view and only some six hundred yards distant, set up so vigorous a shout that he startled everybody about the mouth of the Shields mine. And as all eyes were turned toward him he was seen to be wildly hurrahing, dancing, and enthusiastically shaking hands, in a very paroxysm of excitement, with four men, who appeared to have emerged from the shaft under his charge.

In an instant a realization of the situation burst upon the beholders, and they, too, began cheering. The lost were found! The dead had come to life.

Very quickly all found themselves together in a tempest of congratulations and rejoicings.

May, with a shriek of "Oh, Rob!" sank unconscious in her lover's arms, and he carried her away to her home.

Joe Bliss told briefly the story of their escape with that calm, seeming unconsciousness of, or indifference to, deadly peril past, observable in brave men accustomed to lives of constant hazard. He was an old man and cool.

"When we got the alarm," he said, "the water was already coming up the slope, and we saw it was impossible to make through. It came up to our knees, but fortunately no higher. Luckily there was no fire-damp in that part of the mine, but the pressure of the air, forced back by the water, made it hard to breathe. I used to work over in the McClintock, and know it from one end to the other like a book. Only last week I was looking over the map of the lower levels of the Shields with the boss, and the idea struck me then that the heading we were working in ran mighty close to the McClintock. So when we found ourselves shut in I mentioned that to the boys, and we set to work to cut our way through. Only two at a time could work in the narrow drift, but we kept at it, and about an hour ago broke through. Tired out as we were, about the hardest part of our job seemed to be climbing up the hundreds of feet of ladders on the McClintock pump timbers, but we made it all right at last, and here we are."

Under her mother's ministrations May soon recovered her consciousness, and grasping her lover's arm, as if fearful of again losing him, said, hurriedly:

"Stop! Don't go away; don't speak yet. Wait. Let me tell you all. You shall not again leave me in anger for a misunderstanding. My Uncle Matthew, in Cornwall, left me a little inheritance, and Mr. Champney was getting it for me. That was what, he saw me about. I kept it a secret a little while because I wanted it to be a pleasant surprise to you, and only delayed fixing the day because I wanted to get that first, and not come to you empty-handed. Now do you blame me, Rob?"

"Blame you! Oh, no. I had time enough down there in the mine to think it all over, and know that I had acted like a brute toward you. I should have known that my little May was true and good even if I didn't understand what she was about."

"And you did care to see me again, then?"

"Ah, May! can you forget that I ever spoke to you like that, and forgive me for it? I wasn't myself when I could tell you that I didn't want to see your dear face again. Why, it was the fear I wouldn't that made death seem so terrible when it faced us."

"Well, Rob, I'll forgive you; and that you may not be tempted to do the like again I suppose I had better—"

"Fix the day?"

"No; I'll—leave it to you."

"Then it shall be to-morrow."

May's lilies bloomed in the place of honor that Sunday, though they did not reach it until the last moment. She, forgetting gladly her formal renunciation of music forever, took her accustomed seat at the organ and played the new

voluntary as if inspiration had supplied the place of study; and never were happier hearts filled with more fervent thanksgivings than those in the little congregation of St. Luke's, gathered that lovely April day in commemoration of the resurrection of Him who died that man might live.

AN ELECTRICAL NOVELTY.

WHEN a man finds his head growing bald, his eyesight or hearing becoming impaired, his teeth decaying, or any other sign of physical disorder appears, he generally decides in his own mind, as when he cuts his finger, that something has gone wrong in the particular region where the disease becomes visible. Hence we find a pretty wide belief in the efficacy of distinctly local treatment, such as any one displays—and in this case with excellent judgment—when he binds up his cut finger with a piece of rag.

In offering a new reason why that may not always be the best course to pursue, I desire to correlate a few familiar yet significant facts, which, electrically considered, might help in the elucidation of some knotty physiological points, viz.: for one, in the determination of what may be the true relative positions of cause and effect in many diseased states. In order, however, to appreciate the importance of an electrical view of the matter, it may be necessary to point out, that by a consensus of the highest scientific opinions, and by accurate experiment, it has been definitely settled that the nervous system of the body is purely an electrical system. The nerves are, therefore, the body's electric telegraph system, providing most intimate intercommunication and sympathy between every point in the animal organism. It is but repeating dicta of the highest authorities to say that in this capacity the nerves are the sole vehicles in the body for the conveyance of all feeling, motion, and sensation, and that they most rigidly govern all nutrition and glandular action of every kind. Hence the nerves entirely command all channels through which irritation or disease is transmitted, and consequently those through which all healing influences must pass. It must, therefore, be next to impossible to overestimate the importance of anything that can affect the natural functional performance of the nerves in the human system.

Bearing these facts in mind—particularly the fact that in all these functions, nerve action and electrical action are one and the same thing—it cannot fail to be both interesting and useful to consider the body's external or surface nerve equipment. Even a casual examination of this kind must at once draw our attention to the soles of the feet. For in no other part of the body's surface do we find such a concentration of nerve endings as we have here, where, in a wonderful and marked manner, the nerve fibrils, in myriads, are brought right out into the papillae of the skin. That great trunk nerve, the sciatic, leaving the spinal cord, descends through the leg, finally spreading out its branches, like a tree its roots, to meet the earth. Does it not force upon us the thought, that the unerring hand of Providence could hardly make such a provision as this without a purpose?

That such naturally provided nerve or electrical connection with Mother Earth may be physiologically important, seems at all events somewhat borne out by many common everyday facts, which, in this light, become peculiarly interesting. In the first place, non-interference with this natural earth contact seems to show to advantage in the singular immunity from disease enjoyed by any members of the human family who never wear any kind of foot-clothing. For instance, negro and coolie laborers who have never worn shoes are almost perfect types of health and vigor. They have no decayed teeth, they are never bald, and their sight is remarkably good, even in old age. And it is a well-known, and in this light a significant fact, that when any of these people are taken into other employment, where they have to wear shoes (all other conditions remaining the same as before), they invariably, ere long, show signs of physical deterioration such as we, the civilized, are peculiarly liable to.

Horses, if shod with leather or rubber shoes, covering the entire bottom of the hoof, in a little time become totally unfit for work.

Little barefooted urchins are generally singularly robust and healthy, while it is a common thing for the children of well-to-do people to have decayed teeth, rheumatism, neuralgia, etc., at corresponding ages.

In "Brown's History of Man," the King of Dahomey, in central Africa, is mentioned as having discolored and bad teeth, and that he was continually half-blinded by a profuse watery discharge from his eyes, while among his subjects not a trace of one or the other complaint could be found. Further on, however, it is

recorded that the king always wore most elaborate silk-lined sandals, and that he alone was privileged to wear a foot covering in his kingdom.

Facts like these, of history as well as of our common experience, seem to stand undeniably in a kind of apposition to the theory that man may require earth connection. Why he requires that connection is another matter.

A circumstance bearing on this point may be worthy of mention, viz., if a man be insulated in a dry atmosphere, and he is made to exercise in that situation, having a conducting wire placed under his feet and led to earth, currents of natural electricity will pass along the wire from his body to the earth as long as he goes on exercising. This experiment, which has been repeatedly verified, taken along with co-ordinate scientific research, would seem to point in the direction of electric action as a possible basis for explanation of the above-mentioned physical effects. Dr. Augustus Waller, of St. Mary's Hospital, London, who has spent many years in critically investigating this subject, sums up his electro-therapeutical deductions as follows: "One of the most fundamental and certain facts in physiology is, that the active state of a living tissue is marked by a fall of electrical level—in other words, an electrical depression is the best, most certain, and most delicate physical sign of physiological action."

The question as to whether, in some diseased conditions, causation may reasonably be suspected as starting in certain disordered states in what might be termed the higher organized electro-nerve surfaces of the body—such as we perceive in the soles of the feet—might be worth the attention of physiologists. At all events, judging from the following opinions, two very eminent authorities on the nerves seem to have foreshadowed such a thing as possible. Dr. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, says: "I have very little doubt that in some instances of local nervous disease the starting-point lies in the dermal nerve papillae."

Dr. Brown-Sequard, of Paris, says: "The same peripheric cause of irritation acting on the same centripetal nerve, may produce the greatest variety of effects, including every functional nervous affection or disorder."

Much more in support of the above theory might be advanced, but the object of this communication will be gained if it draws the attention of reflective and scientific minds to the subject.

GEORGE QUARRIE.

THE CITY POOL-ROOMS.

THE agitation for the amendment of the Ives Pool law, and the recent raids on the pool-rooms of New York City by Superintendent Byrnes, justify some additional statements concerning this form of gambling. There are no vice-breeding spots in the world worse than the so-called commission offices. If one will look over the daily papers for a week it will be noticed that a very large percentage of the petty thefts against employers and parents made by young men are directly traceable to the temptation of these pool-rooms. The writer last summer kept an account of such cases for a week, and he found that in the city and its neighborhood ninety cases had been brought up before the police courts where the young thieves had committed robberies so that they could "play the races," as this form of gambling is called. In an interview with the district attorney and the police authorities, I was told that the number of persons actually arrested was in no even proportion to the number detected. An employer who detects a clerk or office-boy in a theft of twenty or even fifty dollars frequently contents himself with discharging the culprit, and does not take the bother of making a criminal charge. And then the number of robberies from parents is very large. A very small proportion of these ever have their sons arrested. The district attorney says that not a week passes that employers and parents do not make complaint to him of the debauching influence of these pool-rooms.

These pool-rooms do not advertise, nor do they hang out conspicuous signs, and yet they are easily found near any of the great thoroughfares. If a person walking along any of these thoroughfares, or the side-streets near by, sees a dingy stairway up and down which shabby men and young boys are continually hurrying, he may be sure that at the top of that stairway is a pool-room. Indeed, a curious person will find the sign "commission office" usually on the stairway itself. To several of these I went, the other day, with a companion. When we started on our mission he asked me where we should find the rooms. I did not know exactly, for I had visited none of those in the neighborhood, but I ventured the opinion that we should find several without trouble. I had not stopped speaking before I saw the kind of stairway I

have mentioned. We went in and found that we were soon in one of the pool-rooms. And a hot, stuffy, and uncomfortable place it was. There were probably one hundred persons present, and fifty of these at least were smoking ill-smelling cigars.

There was racing that day, as is usual in the winter time, at Guttenburg near Weehawken, and Gloucester near Camden, both in New Jersey. On a large blackboard covering the whole of one side of the room were chalked up the names of the horses to run in the various races, with the weights and names of jockeys. Opposite each name was the betting against the horse. These quotations were continually changing to meet the exigencies of the book which was made behind a railing in another part of the room. It is a pretense that all the money taken in these pool-rooms is sent to the tracks and there wagered. But this is merely a pretense. The pool-room keepers themselves give the lie to this pretense by chalking up what they call the track odds. The track odds are not quite so liberal as those given in the pool-rooms, and are chalked up to encourage timid and wary betters to risk their money. It would be impossible to place the money taken in the pool-rooms at the tracks, and everybody knows this; but as the proof would have to be produced by the prosecutors, these plundering book-makers are permitted to ply their demoralizing business unmolested, though there is not a man in New York so simple as to believe that they do what they pretend. Possibly Superintendent Byrnes's latest methods of making arrests may make the collection of evidence more easy.

The crowds in these pool-rooms are rather sorry and sad-looking, though here and there men may be seen who would not like to have it publicly known that they ever went into such places. The majority, however, was composed of poor and ill-clothed men, not careful as to cleanliness; cigarette-smoking youngsters, who probably earned from five to ten dollars a week; thick-necked ruffians in pea-jackets, who were either "sports," criminals, or aspirants for such disgraceful distinction. Here and there were also old men, shabby and red-faced, men who are sometimes spoken of as "old soaks." And also there were to be seen rather respectable-looking young men who looked to be junior clerks or book-keepers. The ruffians, the sports, the criminals, and the old soaks do not concern us. If they were not in city pool-rooms they would probably be somewhere else not any better—if there be such places. But the presence of respectable, self-respecting men, of young boys, and of worthy-looking young men in such places shows how demoralizing they are. See the haggard look of expectancy in the young man's face; see the look of dejection when the result of the race is announced—it is horrible! It would not be difficult, in looking on such a young fellow, to construct the plot for a tragic novel with him as the sad victim of temptation and folly. But the real stories that can be gathered in the police courts, to which the path from the city pool-rooms is short and straight, any day in the week would be just as sad as that a romancer could imagine.

The difficulty with these city pool-rooms is that they make gambling too easy. To go to a race-track requires time and money, but the pool-room is just around the corner. Clerks can slip around and lay their bets; office-boys can stop in on their errands; small tradesmen can desert their counters, and all can "play the races" who choose. It is a bad business in every way possible to look at it, and should be suppressed at every hazard and without regard to what else may be affected.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

NOTABLE JEWS.—VII.

ADOLPH S. OCHS.

ADOLPH S. OCHS was born in Cincinnati March 12th, 1858. In 1869 he began his journalistic career by carrying papers for Rule & Ricks, the publishers of the Knoxville *Chronicle*. His father, the late Rev. Julius Ochs, had served as captain in an Ohio volunteer regiment, and after the close of the Civil War removed

with his family from Cincinnati to Chattanooga, where he was the minister of the then little Jewish congregation of that place.

From the street young Ochs was advanced to the composing-room; was "devil" and printer in the *Chronicle* office at the time when Parson Brownlow managed that paper, and in 1875 went to Louisville, Kentucky, where he worked in the *Courier-Journal* job office, but returned to Knoxville a year later to become assistant foreman in the *Tribune* office. Printer-like, he was restless, inclined to wander, feeling possibly that he had not yet found the proper territory for the development of his abilities, and in 1877 he came to Chattanooga as advertising solicitor for the *Daily Dispatch*, a paper which died from natural causes in about one year. Chattanooga needed a city directory. Young Ochs wanted work. He set about to supply the want; compiled the information, rented the job office of a small paper, then set all the type and ran the press himself, had the books bound, and distributed them personally. This display of push, industry, and business capacity on the part of the young man inspired his new neighbors with respect, and when, in 1878, he leased the Chattanooga *Daily Times*, he had the moral support of the whole business community. He had not a dollar of his own, nor had he any financial backing. The *Times*, though ten years old, and the only daily in the city, was in a state of decline through mismanagement, and Ochs's venture was looked upon by the community at large as an extremely hazardous one. For once the public judgment was at fault. Eighteen months later Mr. Ochs became the sole proprietor of the paper, which prospered from the start, and in the fourteen years of his management has grown steadily until it has become one of the leading



ADOLPH S. OCHS.

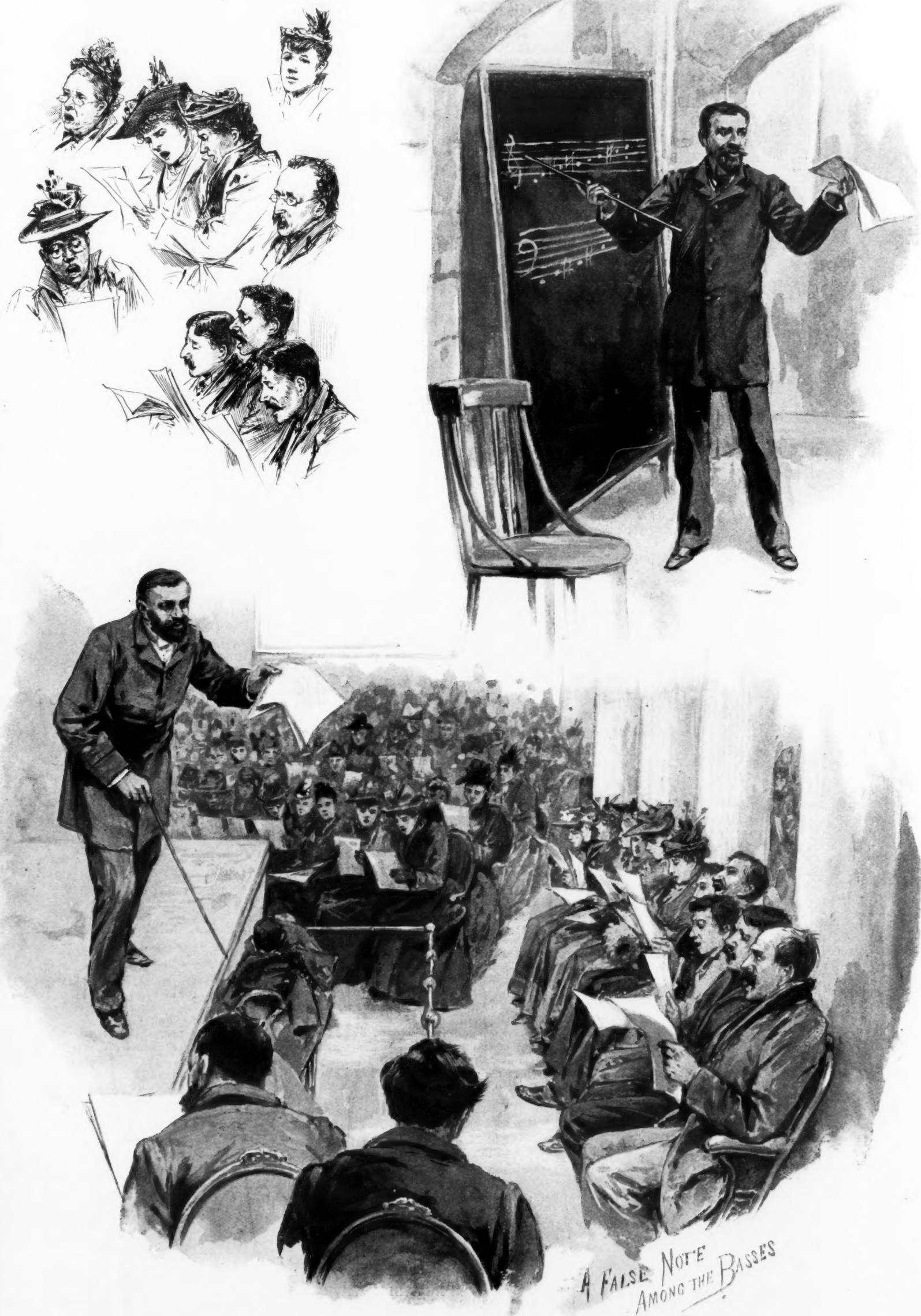
newspapers of the South, with a wide influence and a palatial home, the inauguration of which, some months ago, was the subject of favorable notice all over the country.

Besides being a director in a bank and a number of business concerns, Mr. Ochs is vice-president of the Chattanooga Chamber of Commerce, president of its Opera-house Company and of the Chattanooga Steamship Company, and chairman of the executive committee of the Southern Associated Press. In every respect he is a man of affairs.

It was he, more than any one man, who brought the Southern morning papers together and organized them into a press association. The completion of this association was the first step in the direction that led to a practical consolidation of the news-gathering business of the United States. Mr. Ochs is by inheritance, as by election, a Jew of the conservative school, and his true Americanism was evinced in his opposition to the teaching of German in the public schools of Chattanooga when he was a member of the school board of that city. He is of German parentage, but looked upon the German language as an "accomplishment" in this country, one beyond the reach of the poorer classes, for the bestowal of which it was not legitimate to use the public funds.

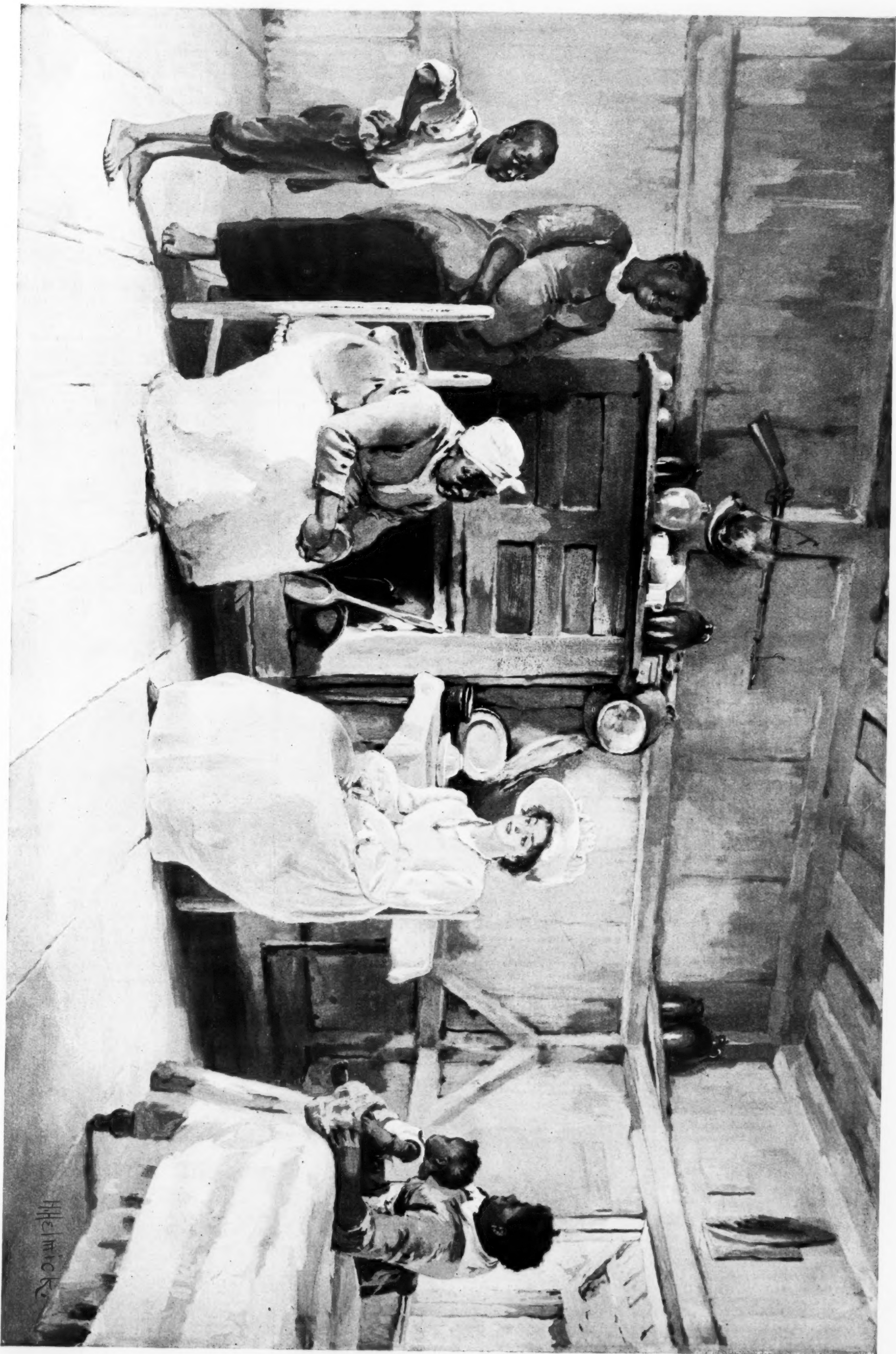
Mr. Ochs was married in 1883 to Miss Iphigene Miriam Wise, daughter of Rabbi Isaac M. Wise, of Cincinnati. They have one child—a daughter.

ISIDOR LEWIS.



EDUCATING THE PEOPLE IN MUSIC.

MR. FRANK DAMROSCH'S SCHOOL AT COOPER UNION FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN SIGHT-READING.
DRAWN BY MISS G. A. DAVIE.—[SEE PAGE 204.]



AN EASTER VISIT TO THE OLD MAMMY.—[DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

THE PEOPLE'S SINGING CLASS.

THE old hall at Cooper Institute is on Sunday afternoons the scene of a gathering novel in idea and both useful and entertaining in purpose. Mr. Frank Damrosch, son of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch, there meets and instructs a class of working people, numbering about one thousand, which he has formed for the study of singing, or—more properly speaking—sight-reading, which is, in fact, singing at sight music written for the voice.

The class is managed by a committee of the people, who volunteer their service to that end. The essentials of membership are few and simple. A would-be member, man or woman, must be self-supporting, or at least a worker, must apply to the chairman of the committee, Mr. Edward King, for a card of membership, and each Sunday on entering the hall must pay the sum of ten cents to the class fund. This fund passes into the hands of the committee, and is by them applied to the payment of the rental of the hall, printing of music-leaflets, and other small matters which go to make up incidental expenses. Mr. Damrosch gives his time and services to the enterprise, which is, indeed, his own idea, worked out upon his own plan, with the splendid aim of popularizing not only musical taste, but musical knowledge; of spreading this knowledge as an educational and refining influence, and reaching toward an eventual adoption of his plan by other cities and the establishment of the study in the regular curriculum of our public schools under a practical and systematic method.

This aim is a very large one and will scarcely be achieved in a day, but by its fulfillment latent musical talent will be developed wherever it may be hidden, capacity will find its opportunity, and an influence both softening and elevating will be spread among the working people of the United States that must one day bear good fruit of its kind.

Mr. Damrosch has established two classes in New York—one meeting at Cooper Institute and one at Reuwick Hall—and others outside the city, having in all about three thousand people under instruction at the present time. He is authority for stating that the scheme has so far proved successful beyond his greatest expectation. The classes have learned so readily that he has been able to carry them forward with rapidity. Their interest once roused is permanent, and there is nothing to shake their confidence, since the management is entirely in their own hands. This last is an essential to success, as actual experiment has proved that the pursuit of any other plan is inevitably to cause a failure of the undertaking. If capable musicians in other cities will see and appreciate the value of the idea, material ready to their hands with which to work will not be difficult to find, and the musical tendency which is dawning throughout the country, although as yet in form imperfect and crude, will receive a powerful impetus. Musical conductors will find trained recruits for chorus work where now they must fain be content with the "hay foot, straw foot" variety, and the chances that America may one day take rank among the musical nations of the world will be increased many fold.

It is a very smiling array of bright and interested faces which are turned toward the spectator, seated modestly in the background on the platform, near the great blackboard, which is an important factor in the afternoon's lesson—all sorts and conditions of men and women, with all sorts and conditions of minds, motives, and temperaments. They are gathered for a mutual purpose, and that one well suited to their tastes. But similarity of taste lurks at times beneath curious variations of outer form, and bright young girls, sober-minded middle-aged women, natty young men, and their brothers who live by the labor of their capable and muscular hands, sit in even rows, the only distinction being that of voice—soprano, alto, tenor, and bass. Their greeting to Mr. Damrosch is spontaneous and warm, as, baton in hand, he faces them, ready for work.

On the blackboard is a single scale, written twice, once in the treble or upper clef and once in the bass or lower. The key-note is given, and the great class sound it preparatory to the start. First they go over ground of which they are very sure, following easily the long baton as it travels from note to note; then something recently learned. A few uncertain notes are heard, the attack is less decided, but a repetition restores confidence, and up and down they sing, skipping notes, taking difficult intervals, reading now from one clef and now from another, clearly and correctly, until, at the very moment when they feel most secure, the deft pointer touches a note as yet untried, and a confusion of vocal sound, a break-down and a general hearty

laugh, proclaim that the wily conductor has again taken them unawares, has introduced to their notice the "something new," which is the indication that he is pleased with their progress, and has once more caught all but the most attentive napping.

The first half of the lesson is passed in these exercises, and then leaflets of music are produced, arranged by Mr. Damrosch for this special purpose, and both old and newly-acquired information is applied to a part-song—this time a Christmas hymn, bright in tone and simple but joyous in harmony. First each part is rehearsed, then the whole in concert. False notes are quickly caught by the keen, well-trained ear of the conductor and smilingly corrected, and at last, in full, clear tone, singing at their ease and without effort or strain, the class swings brightly through the song, closing in ringing chorus.

All through the attention has been excellent and the work hearty and thorough. A few heads here and there droop indifferently, whispered conversations take place suggestive of flagging interest and absence of mind, and lips move perfunctorily but without sound; but these are individual cases. The rule is, heads held well up, eyes bright and wide awake, animated faces, and mouths opening and closing neatly and with precision. Here rings out a voice sweet and pure, stronger than its fellows; there a special degree of concentrated attention speaks ambition and a determination to excel; in the distance a group are working earnestly, ready with mutual help; near them a young colored girl, singing from her heart, gazes steadily in rapt attention through her spectacles, unmindful of her surroundings, and not far off a pair of motherly souls, neatly shawled, are working away, perhaps that they in turn may teach the little ones at home.

No one could doubt the pleasure of those who have thus had their work cleverly turned into play, and the play into profit. They are gay but not boisterous, full of enjoyment but orderly, and after a few words from their leader and a short address from their friend and chairman, whose appearance on the platform is the signal for much applause, the great class is dismissed quietly, and, disbanding into groups, melts into the heart of the great city. ANNE RHODES.

Face Studies.

By STILETTO.

ANY person sending \$4 for a full yearly subscription to FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, and any photograph they may wish to have analyzed, will be furnished with a private reading of character from the same without extra charge. Such readings to be positively considered as strictly confidential, under no circumstances to be printed, and the photograph to be returned if desired. This opportunity is now for the first time offered to the reading public, and will be reserved for the benefit of our new subscribers for 1893. All communications to be addressed: Care Graphological Department, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY, No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

KÜHNE BEVERIDGE.

A face wherein cleverness is plainly expressed, with an evanescent shadow of something deeper, a suggestion of force and power which, fitting across the vivacious countenance, is more easily lost than sounded. Versatility is the leading characteristic of the handwriting, with a love of luxury, space and grandeur, and in the face the well-proportioned brow is indicative of mental capacity keen in quality and



[Handwritten signatures and notes, including 'Kühne Beveridge' and 'Alexander Russell Webb']

nimble. The level eyebrows are reflective, but from the unruffled space between it would seem that their powers of concentration were as yet undeveloped. Her eyes are direct in their gaze and full of vitality, while above them sense of form and color are strongly depicted. The under part of the nose drooping, speaks the love of grandeur visible in the signature, and also that when impressions are most slowly received they are most permanent, and then only she has the patience to work out in detail the creations of her fancy. The mouth in its curves speaks a nature which would draw warmth to itself rather than expend itself upon others, and, together with the long chin, argues capacity for tenacity and positivism. In the handwriting there is a touch of sentiment; from it also may be judged spirits which fluctuate, much vivacity, gayety, youth, and hopeful confidence, with an occasional haunting sense that life is not all comedy, but has, woven close-stranded through its fabric, a vein of tragedy and seriousness. The whole nature is feminine and artistic, and is swayed in all its restless variation by the impressionable artist instinct, which, sensitively balanced ever, can only be brought to full power by concentration, definiteness of purpose, and strong will.

ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB.

A face indicating a calm and deliberate mind, a nature never superficial in its emotions or intentions. When stirred it is deeply and overwhelmingly moved, and an intention once conceived is steadily and patiently carried out. His eyebrows indicate thought, and some degree of shrewd calculation. Ideality is largely developed where the head broadens on either side of the brow, and there is suggested a species of



ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB.—PHOTOGRAPH BY PACH BROTHERS.

mental inertia or dreaminess, while the listening ears drink in high-sounding words and rolling phrases. Beneath his eyes lies a gift of language. Not of sparkling, brilliant, or rippling words, but a slow, steady, and deliberate utterance, forcible because the speaker is apparently swayed by convictions and emotions so intense that their depth checks rapidity and seeks outlet in impressive rather than dashing eloquence. There is a distinct absence of definite expression in his countenance, and yet the mind is capable and ready, the intellect deliberate and stable. Such absence of expression can only be explained by motives deep-seated and subtle intentions, and is probably the key-note of the entire nature. He will only permit to be visible that which he wishes to be seen, and wears his countenance as a mask to his personality rather than as an indication of the individuality of the inner man.

THE MOHAMMEDAN PROPAGANDIST.

ALEXANDER RUSSELL WEBB was born at Hudson, Columbia County, New York, forty-six years ago. His father, for about twenty-five years, was editor and proprietor of the Hudson *Daily Star*, and his brother, Edward C. Webb, M.D., is a prominent physician in San Francisco. The present head of the Islamic Propaganda in America received his education in the

public schools at Hudson and at private schools in Massachusetts and New York. Before he was sixteen years of age he developed a taste for literature, and wrote a number of essays and short stories. In 1873 Mr. Webb purchased the *Missouri Republican*, at Unionville, Missouri, conducting it for nearly three years. Aspiring to a more active field of labor, he became city editor of the *St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette*, and subsequently was connected with various St. Louis and Chicago newspapers. In September, 1887, while on the editorial staff of the *Missouri Republican*, he was appointed by President Cleveland as United States Consul at Manila, the chief city of the Philippine Islands.

For about six years prior to this time Mr. Webb had been earnestly engaged in the study of the Oriental religions and spiritual philosophies, and his purpose in taking the Manila consulate was to secure a position in which he would have an opportunity to read, study, and experiment along these lines. When he had been in Manila about a year he came into possession of books and documents, the works of Mohammedan authors, which aroused in him the most intense interest in the Islamic system, and he at once gave himself up entirely to its study, so far as his official duties would permit. He opened correspondence with Budraddin Abdulla Kur, a prominent Mohammedan of Bombay, India, and through him made the acquaintance of a number of learned and earnest Mussulmans. Among the latter was Hajee Abdulla Arab, a wealthy merchant of Medina, Arabia, who visited him at Manila, and on his return homeward, via India, succeeded in enlisting a number of wealthy Moslems of Calcutta, Bombay, Hyderabad and Rangoon, Burmah, in the establishment of an organization for the purpose of teaching the religion of Islam in America.

Having, as he says, become thoroughly convinced of the truth of Islam, Mr. Webb joined this organization, and was chosen to manage the propaganda in the United States. He resigned his position at Manila in June of last year, and made an extended tour of Burmah, India, and other parts of the East, returning to America via London on the 16th of February last.

Mr. Webb avers that his studies and personal investigations have convinced him, and he is able to prove conclusively to any unprejudiced mind, that Mohammed is the most thoroughly misrepresented and misunderstood character in history; that he taught the one truth concerning spiritual things—the same truth that was taught by Moses, Abraham, Elias, Jesus, and every truly inspired prophet since the world began; that he, Mohammed, was truly inspired, and taught nothing which was not in harmony with the highest concepts of virtue and morality; that he neither taught nor encouraged fatalism, polygamy, the shedding of blood, slavery, nor any of those doctrines which the average Christian charges against Islam, and which are not in harmony with morality and justice; that he fully fulfilled his mission, and established the most perfect system of spiritual development the world has ever known; that the degraded condition of some of the Eastern Mohammedan country is due to climatic and racial influences and ancient social traditions, and that it cannot be charged in any degree to Islam.

Mr. Webb also believes that the establishment of Islam and Islamic laws in America will ultimately work a revolution in our social system, modifying, and possibly destroying, those three great curses, drunkenness, prostitution, and marital infidelity; and that when the broad-minded, liberal thinkers of our country fully comprehend the true character and teachings of the Arabian prophet they will give the system he taught more serious and careful attention than they have ever done in the past. In order to accomplish this end he will establish a weekly journal in New York, the purpose of which will be to faithfully present the Islamic system in its purity, freed from the gross and materialistic ideas which have been engrafted upon it by misguided Mussulmans. He will also publish books, translated from Arabic, Persian, Urdu, and Gujarati, treating of the life and sayings of the prophet, bringing to light some facts which have been omitted from popular history, and correcting the errors and misconceptions of those Christian and Moslem writers who have failed to comprehend the true spirit of the religion. There will also be a free library and reading-room connected with the publishing house, and a lecture-room, where doctrinal and historical discourses will be delivered twice a week.

Mr. Webb is an old member of the Theosophic Society, and in his lecture recently given before the Aryan branch of that society in this city he endeavored to show that Mohammed not only understood and followed the teachings of

the ancient Eastern philosophers, but that he clearly taught these doctrines to his followers—or those of them who were sufficiently developed spiritually to understand them. In fact, the lecture treated largely of theosophical ideas, and showed that there was a close connection between them and the true Islamic system. Mr. Webb's experiment will be watched with curious interest.

L. GREBSONAL.

THE ORIGIN OF EASTER LILIES.

Along the hills of Palestine
The setting-sun beams lie,
Spilled like a goblet of red wine
From that low, burning sky.
Deep in the vales of Bethlehem,
The shepherds' flocks are stilled,
And all the sentient Holy Land
With waiting transport thrilled.
'Tis Easter eve; to-morrow's sun
Will light the "risen day."
Indeed, for fallen, falling man,
Through all life's ransomed way,
The people pray; the cattle kneel;
The very winds are still;
And all is silent save one bird
Upon a sun-tipped hill,
Which spends his understanding heart
In rapturous roundelay,
Anticipative of the joys
Of the forthcoming day.

When lo! along the rocky road,
Where weeds and thistles grow,
There weaves a living fragrant line,
Like curves of drifted snow.
'Tis lilies! lilies! rich and rare,
Sprung up by magic growth,
As though sweet Nature to await
God's given time were loath.
Along the road they curve and smile,
Marking the very way
The blessed Saviour's feet had trod
From court to Calvary.
And everywhere His garments touched,
A stately lily grew;
And everywhere He drooped and fell,
The spot is marked with two;
But all about the cruel cross,
Where His dear blood was shed,
The testifying earth holds up
A crimson lily-bed.

BELLE HUNT.

STATUE OF THE SPRINTER.

THE World's Fair has brought out a singularly large number of sculptresses of tender years possessed of more or less talent. The Woman's building at the fair has relied on them for the greater part of its adornment of statuary within and without its walls. In Miss Kühne Beveridge, of San Francisco, another aspirant for honors in sculpture has appeared. She began to take lessons in modeling at her school in California some years ago, and showed so much aptitude and love for the art that she was encouraged to attempt something that would attract general attention.

For this purpose she decided to model an athlete in action from the life. The San Francisco Athletic Club was her first thought, and it was easy to find a member who felt flattered to see his godly proportions immortalized in bronze or marble. Miss Beveridge modeled, on a reduced scale, the figure of one of the foremost gymnasts in the club. He is waiting for the pistol-shot, as he gets a grip on the ground with both feet and strains every muscle for the start; for Miss Beveridge decided that a sprinter for short distances would be a novel subject, and one that brings most of the muscles into play. Very wisely she chose a moment of absolute rest, like the preparation to start, because it suggests, though it does not reproduce, tremendous action, and is therefore more agreeable in marble or bronze than would be a man who seemed perpetually moving. The model is a man who has educated the muscles of arms, shoulders and back, and of his legs, rather than of his waist. He is a modern representative of the Greek panathletic gymnast. The attitude is very vigorous. Besides the grip of the feet there is the energetic though suspended action of the arms, the right shot forward and the left straight behind. The head is sunk a little forward, and the big back and shoulder muscles rise high behind. The model might be called "Sprinter Toeing the Mark," or "Sprinter Waiting for the Word."

It is this small model which the young sculptress has repeated, a little larger than life, with slight modifications. The right foot toes the mark straighter; the legs are somewhat longer, to allow for the apparent shortening of the figure by reason of the great bending at the knees; and the head and face are idealized from the portrait. The figure is quite nude, like those of Greek gymnasts. Its position falls into somewhat the same general pose as the Discobolos, save that the Discobolos is poised, not straining for the start, and the hand to the rear, which carries the *diskos*, is not so high.

Miss Beveridge lived some years in Dresden, Saxony, without thinking of the fine arts as a profession. When she returned from Germany to San Francisco three years ago she was still

a school-girl, and without better lessons than she could get from her school classes, and after a short course with the Viennese sculptor, Rupert Schmid, at present in California, she has advanced in sculpture with the phenomenal quickness that sometimes startles one in the case of young women. The statue, of which a picture is given in this issue, would not discredit many sculptors of the sterner sex and of double her years.

That the figure is faultless is not maintained. One of the most obvious criticisms, but one that is of minor importance, is the criticism that the statue is not typical of the general run of sprinters, while of course it is not in any sense a portrait. The face is an American type, and if it is rather more scholarly in general modeling and expression than the faces we are used to see at athletic contests, this only makes for that ideal touch which removes a statue from tame realism. The cold, straight, well-shaped mouth and somewhat pointed chin suggest a younger man than the powerful muscles will argue. But this is offset by the well-known fact that, while still very young, men at college foster their muscles by athletics, and particularly by dead gymnastics, like weight-pulling, the parallel bars, the dumb-bells, and Indian clubs, until their muscular system is really older than their faces, because developed prematurely. What is particularly to be admired in Miss Beveridge's statue is the action she has given it, even if here and there one can find fault with certain parts which do not count in the production of that effect.

The modern movement in athletics is so obviously suggestive of the advantages which Greek sculptors had from the popular adoration of gymnasts in old Hellas, and from the constant view which those sculptors obtained of comely young men in active or passive attitudes without the concealment of their forms by many or by any clothes, that it has always been a mystery why our sculptors have so generally failed to make use of this wide field for studies. Nor can they say that they have not been urged. Two reasons may be advanced to explain it.

One is that our sculptors, even more, perhaps, than our painters, allow themselves to be overawed and sterilized by European statuary. They do not dare, or they cannot think to strike out paths for which their masters or admired sculptors in Europe have given them no warrant. There is need of men like Douglas Tilden and women like Miss Beveridge to rush in where the wiser but more timid fear to tread. The other is, that the growth of athletic clubs, organizations rich enough to order statuary and able to infect rich men with the passion for athletics, is quite recent. When a sculptor returns from Europe, having lingered there years after he has been able to extract all that he ever will from museums and masters, he returns to enter the scuffle for existence. Usually he marries. His resource is to teach and to execute the ideas of others; either monuments to the individual dead or to commemorate war episodes are his daily bread; especially are busts of departed worthies the commissions that keep him going, but at the same time these dull his inventiveness and blunt the hopes of youth. He is lucky if he can retain the deftness of hand that won him medals and honorable mentions in Paris, Florence, Rome, or Munich.

It is inevitable that a vast fund of enthusiasm and ignorance of the way in which sculpture is still treated here, is the equipment needed for anybody who leaves the beaten track in sculpture. Miss Beveridge has these qualities. She challenges comparisons with Douglas Tilden, whose "Base-ball Catcher" stands in Oakland Park, near San Francisco, and whose "Tired Boxer" was shown not long ago at an exhibition of the Academy of Design. It is too soon to say how she may compare with him. But it is quite enough to recognize that she has shown singular ability so far. In the way of portraiture she has modeled a bust of Mr. John Drew, wherein she courts comparisons with John S. Hartley, whose bust of that popular actor was shown at the Retrospective of the Society of American Artists in December. Miss Beveridge also has some talent for the stage. It remains to be seen which art is to end by monopolizing her career, for the epoch when a single person could do notable work in two such branches is long past. Meantime if the figure of the sprinter goes to the World's Fair it will at least belong to the better sort of American statuary, and perhaps take a prominent place in a field but little worked at present—that of statues representing the actual sports of the people.

THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS.

THE young State of Idaho is rich in scenery of rugged and imposing grandeur. In its central portion are the snow-clad Salmon River Mountains, with peaks rising 13,000 feet in air,

South of these the Three Buttes, and in the extreme east the Three Tetons, nearly 14,000 feet in elevation, are famous land-marks. The State abounds, too, in cataracts, geysers, and other natural wonders. Points of special interest are the Great Shoshone, American, and Salmon Falls, all cataracts of the Shoshone River. The first of these is, at high water, a rival of Niagara, and the fall or perpendicular descent exceeds that of the latter cataract, being nearly 200 feet. The cañon of the Shoshone, through which the river runs, is about 250 feet wide. Viewed from below, the cataract appears to be circular, like a vast amphitheatre, with the falls in the centre. The different layers of lava resemble seats in tiers, ranged one above another to a height of 700 feet above the head of the falls.

RAILROADING THROUGH ICE AND FLOOD.

THE people who live in that city, well named Port Deposit, which is built on the crown of Chesapeake Bay, look forward each year with apprehension to the prospect of early spring ice-gorges and attending floods. The experiences this particular city has just passed through fully justify this yearly dread.

The origin of the fearful ice-gorge, which was dispersed only a few days ago, dates back to the first week of February, when the Susquehanna River commenced rising, and, breaking its ice coating, flowed on and massed in two great walls, one at the threshold of Port Deposit, and the other several miles above, at McCall's Ferry. This McCall's Ferry jam extended from the "neck" to a point two miles north of Safe Harbor, a distance of over nine miles, filling the river, a mile and a quarter wide, from shore to shore. The uncertainty of the movement of this additional well-packed field of ice hung over Port Deposit for days like a threatening cloud.

Portions of Port Deposit were under ice and water for thirty-two days. The main gorge extended for three miles, a mile and a half above and below the city. This ice, which was piled thirty feet above low water, was entirely free from snow, and formed a picture of striking beauty, with its irregular, fantastic shapes and its beautiful color of blue.

This gorge at its worst illustrated the facility with which modern railroaders clear the way and afford rapid relief, through seemingly impossible obstacles. The ice covering the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad north of the station ranged in thickness from three to twenty feet, over an area of three miles. The problem was to cut down and liberate the tracks. Three hundred men toiled for a period of three days, baffled after cutting through the great body, by the formation of a veritable canal. The successful draining of this and the resumption of travel made the railroad record for ice-gorge annihilation and liberated a helpless city walled in ice.

This channel cut by the railroad also formed a favorable feature when the water rose, a few days ago, and the ice started on its race out into the bay.

HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

OUR FOREIGN PICTURES.

THE Carnival takes on its particular physiognomy in each of the European capitals where the tradition of its celebration survives—Rome, Venice, Milan, Nice, Paris. In the latter city, where the fat ox of Mardi-Gras has fallen into desuetude, and other picturesque customs have died out, a very pretty novelty has taken their place in the affections of the gay populace. This novelty consists in an infinitude of parti-colored paper ribbons, called *spirales* or *serpentes*, which, thrown from balconies and windows among the crowds of maskers on the boulevards, contribute greatly to the general animation. No less than four hundred thousand bobbins of these serpentine were used up by this season's carnival festivities.

We reproduce from the Paris *Illustration* a portrait of Maurel, the famous French baritone, in the title rôle in Verdi's new comic opera, "Falstaff." The production at La Scala Theatre, in Milan, of this latest work of the veteran composer has proved the musical sensation of the season. All accounts seem to agree that the genius of the great Italian *maestro* still burns brightly at eighty years, and that in this work—on a libretto adapted by Arrigo Boito from Shakespeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV."—he has produced a masterpiece.

In the Galerie des Machines, one of the great buildings of the Paris Exposition of 1889, an interesting race has been contested recently between two cyclists, Messrs. Terront and Corre. The distance was 1,000 kilometres, or about 625 miles, which Terront, the winner, accomplished in forty-two consecutive hours, finishing nine kilometres ahead of his rival. He went thirty-

three hours without descending from his wheel.

We also give another picture of the recent Papal Jubilee at Rome and a portrait of the late Jules Ferry, the president of the French Senate, whose death has created a profound sensation in Europe.

AN EASTER VISIT TO MAMMY.

THE exact status of a negro "mammy" in a Southern family of the better class is something that persons who have not lived on terms of intimacy with the colored people while they were still slaves find it difficult to comprehend. In the South, in those rapidly receding days spoken of as "before the war," the household servants in a family of means and high standing were so numerous that not the least of their occupations was to keep from running over each other. In the kitchen there would be a supreme chief and two or three assistants; in the dining-room another chief, with young girls as assistants, and in the nursery still another, with her helpers. This nursery chief was the "mammy," who not infrequently was also an assistant housekeeper, and looked after the details that her mistress found too troublesome. The "mammy" was therefore an important member of the household, held in high esteem by all and especially regarded by the children, to whom she was something like a second mother. It was on this account that she received the name of "mammy," a title of high nobility on every plantation when applied to a negro woman by white children.

The negro is not a very complex human character, but on the contrary, usually as simple and transparent as the daylight, and as easily to be read by those who have learned to know them by living with them, as the primer is to a girl of fifteen. When they are good and gentle and affectionate they do not conceal these admirable qualities by any masks of conventionality, nor smother them in inexplicable moods. Such openness rarely fails to win youthful hearts and to fix the early-given affection permanently. The young men stray away and become doctors, lawyers, merchants, and clergymen, and the old "mammy" at home gets out of touch with them and does not comprehend them. She looks at such when they return home with the same kind of bewilderment that the careful hen displays when she finds that half of the brood she has so patiently hatched were from the eggs of ducks, and that therefore the young things take to the water. But "mammy" is always in touch with the girls of the family. She can understand them, whatever be the development. Whether it be a picnic in the woods, a ball at a neighboring manor-house, a wedding, a christening, a sick bed, or a funeral, the "mammy" is there, full of sympathy, interest, and attention.

It must not be thought that because slavery has happily been swept away the "mammy," too, has become extinct. She is not so much a matter of course as she used to be; some of her before-the-war glory and authority has departed; but she will remain and flourish in the South so long as the whites and blacks live there together in natural amity. Even the economic considerations which have induced Southern housekeepers to reduce the number of their servants to reasonable limits will not displace the black "mammy." She is what she is on account of inherent qualities, and that she will remain.

PHILIP POINDEXTER.

A COMING MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Chicago Exposition will not lack for good music. The two great military bands which have been engaged to perform during the exposition, and at the musical festival in the Madison Square Garden, in this city, from the 23d to the 29th of April, are composed of the best-known military musicians, forming a selection of the most finished talent chosen from the two thousand musicians who made application in Berlin for these engagements. All the artists engaged passed a severe examination, conducted by Director Ruscheweyh, royal musical director, and G. Herold, musical band-master. Both of these gentlemen, who have been engaged as conductors of the bands, have a wide reputation. The bands are dressed in full parade uniforms, which have been made in exact accordance with the Prussian pattern, designed by the Emperor himself.

The business manager of the concerts in New York will be Mr. J. W. Morrissey, of the Madison Square Garden; and at the German Village in Chicago, Mr. Herman Wolff will manage the performances. The net receipts here will be devoted entirely to charitable institutions, and to the bringing from Germany to the World's Fair of young artisans who cannot otherwise afford to visit this country. The German government will look after the latter project.



THE GREAT SHOSHONE FALLS, ON THE SHOSHONE RIVER, IN IDAHO.—DRAWN BY FREDERIC B. SCHELL.—[SEE PAGE 205.]



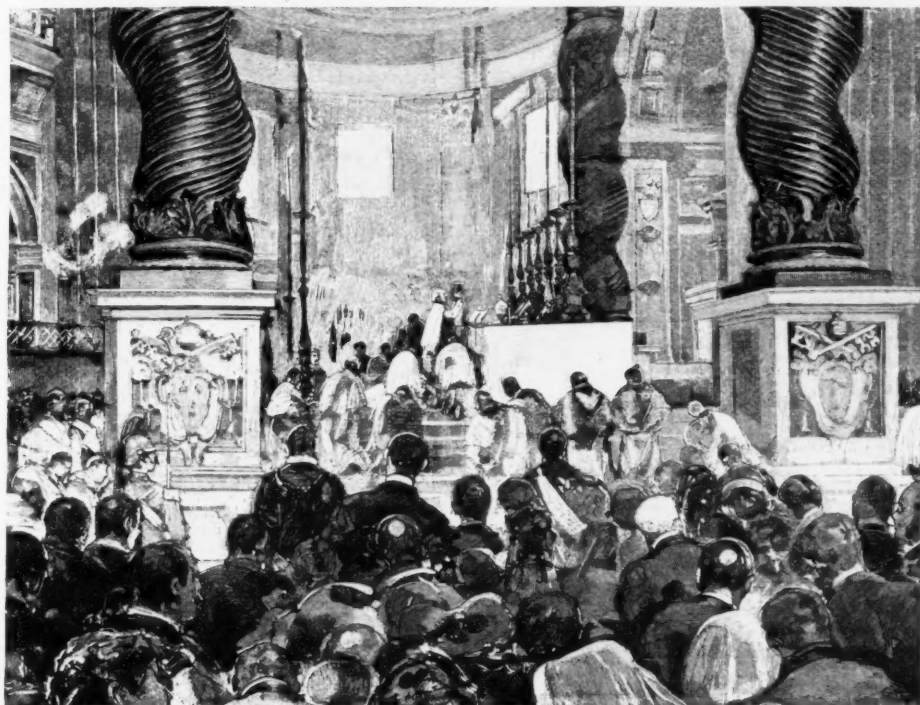
THE LATE M. JULES FERRY, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH SENATE.



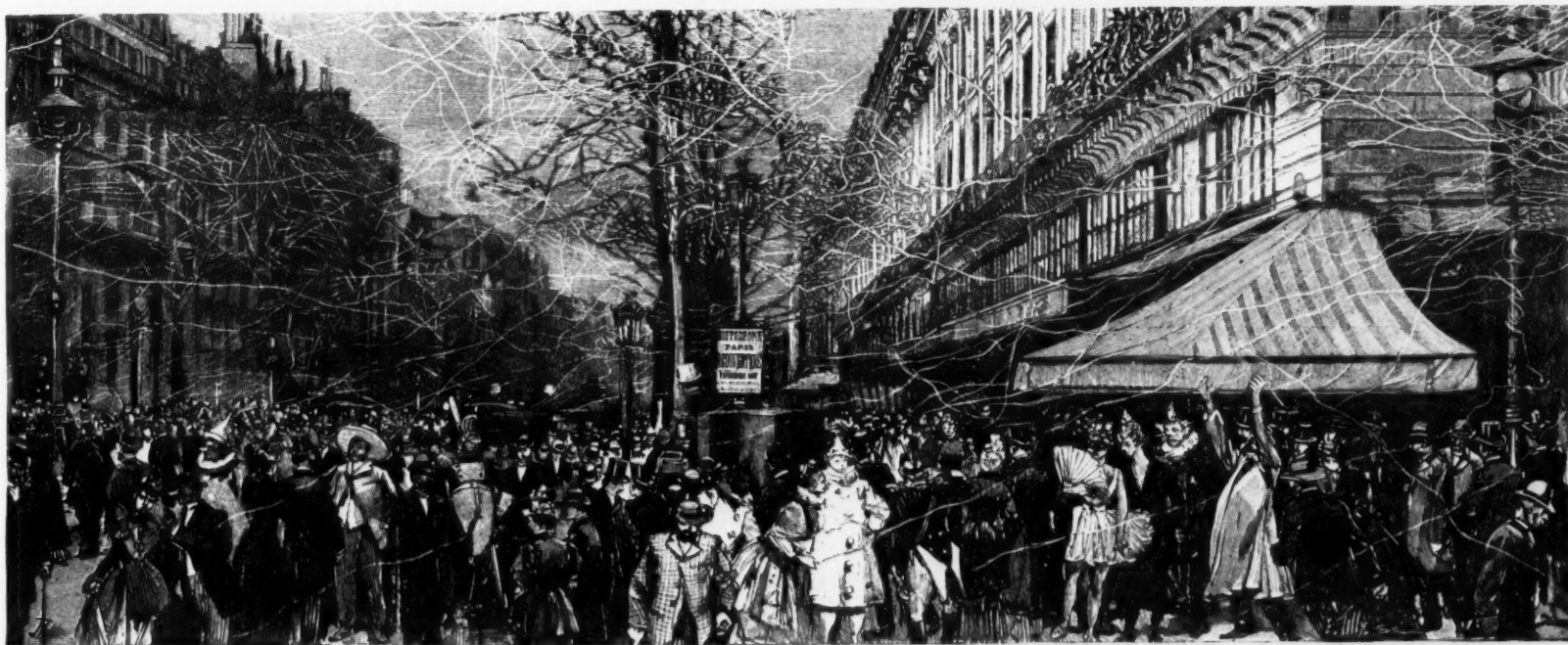
MAUREL IN THE RÔLE OF "FALSTAFF," IN VERDI'S NEW OPERA, AT LA SCALA, MILAN.



THE THOUSAND-KILOMETRE VELOCIPEDE MATCH IN PARIS—
THE LAST LAP.



THE PAPAL JUBILEE—PONTIFICAL MASS IN THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER, ROME.



MARDI-GRAS IN PARIS—THROWING "SPIRALES" ON THE BOULEVARDS.

SELECTIONS FROM THE BEST FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS.—[SEE PAGE 205.]

A SOJOURN IN THE SOUTH AND A PILGRIMAGE TO THE FAR WEST.

VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

On March 28th the last personally conducted tour to Florida will leave New York and Philadelphia. Tourists have the option of returning on any regular train prior to May 31st, 1893. Fifty dollars from New York, \$48 dollars from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points, cover, in addition to round trip transportation, all necessary expenses en route going.

On March 29th the last California tour leaves the East for the most wonderful and delightful trip it is possible to make in this country.

A tourist agent and chaperon accompany each party, and everything possible is done for the comfort and entertainment of the tourists. All information regarding rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to the Tourist Agent, Pennsylvania Railroad Company, 233 South Fourth Street, Philadelphia; 849 Broadway, New York; 850 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; or ticket agents of the company.

KINDNESS in us is the honey that blunts the sting of unkindness in others.—*Landor.*

SOMMER & Co., piano manufacturers, 149 to 155 East Fourteenth Street, have on exhibition a magnificent Upright Piano in Rococo style, made for the Columbian Fair at Chicago. All experts agree that this piano is a model of elegance and artistic taste, and will be admired by all art-loving people. The tone is worthy of the exquisite exterior of the instrument.

With a man more money means more to eat; with a woman more to wear.—*Rani's Horn.*

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

For a clear head and steady nerves
Take Bromo-Seltzer—Trial bottle, 10 cents.

The Sommer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.

CAREFUL PREPARATION

is essential to purity of foods. It is wisdom and economy to select those that are pure. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is prepared with the greatest care, and infants are assured the best. Grocers and druggists.

PAWNBROKERS rarely hesitate about taking a pledge, but they prefer not to keep it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

FACTS.

Mr. Busch says: "If you want the finest beer, and pay my price, I am with you." And the World's Fair Committee, in order to be able to offer visitors the finest beer made, awarded the contract for the entire supply of the Columbian Casino Restaurant Company—which has the restaurant privileges of the World's Fair—to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. Naturally St. Louis felt much elated that their "Pet Institution" had to be called upon to make the Windy City's enterprise a success.

DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters are the best remedy for removing indigestion.

Brown's Household Panacea, "The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Letters from Mothers

speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. Its use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczemas, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold every where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. *See "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.*

they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold every where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. *See "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.*

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

ACHING SIDES AND BACK,
Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

CAUTION.—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper. The Perfection of Chewing Gum and a Delicious Remedy for Indigestion. Each tablet contains one grain Beeman's pure pepsin. Send 5 cents for sample package. THE BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO. No. 15 Lake St., Cleveland, O. Originators of Pepsin Chewing Gum.

GRECIAN MAIDENS

IT is well known in history that the PERFECTION BEAUTY of Grecian maidens was owing to their knowledge of certain HARMLESS INGREDIENTS which they used at the bath. In our day, young ladies find the same BEAUTIFYING PRINCIPLES combined in

Constantine's Persian Healing Pine Tar Soap.

The HEALTHFUL PROPERTIES of this EXTRAORDINARY PURIFYING AGENT are UNLIMITED, but are more particularly noticeable in their beautifying effects upon the HAIR, COMPLEXION AND TEETH. These CHARMS OF FEMALE LOVELINESS are enhanced, and THEIR POSSESSION ASSURED, to every young lady who uses this

Great Original Pine Tar Soap.

Let all who desire to make themselves IRRESISTIBLY BEAUTIFUL,

TRY IT!
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

KRANICH & BACH PIANOS.

Warerooms: 225 and 229 E. 22d St., N. Y. 16 W. 125th St.,

Owing to the great demand for these celebrated Pianos, we have erected a very large addition to our factory which will enable us to make 50 Pianos per week.

These Instruments are unexcelled, and are sold AT MODERATE PRICES. Sold on installments and rented.



"A clean thing's kindly."

'Tis plain that a charm is added to things cleaned by

SAPOLIO

It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning.

HE COULD NOT STAND IT.

HOLACK—"What made Staggars turn pale and leave the theatre when the ballet began?"
Tomdick—"It was the serpentine dance."—*Judge.*

HE WOULD HAVE ROOM.

BAGLEY—"Where are you living, Bailey?"
Bailey—"Well, since the erminoline habit came in I've moved to the outskirts."—*Judge.*

TWINS.

"As like as two peas in a pod"
Is what the neighbors said
As they looked from Ted to Lou,
Then again from Lou to Ted.

"Now which is which?" I asked
Of curly-headed sister Sue.

"Why, this is which and that is which;
She's which, and he's which, too."

CLARA C. FAIRHAM in *Judge*.



The BEER CONTRACT

For the Columbian Casino Restaurant of the World's Fair has been let to the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association. Their beer was preferred, as it is the intention of the Columbian Casino Company to make their Restaurant the most complete, perfect, and the highest grade ever operated on this continent.

NEW YORK DEPOT, O. MEYER & CO., 104 BROAD ST.

BOUQUET

MAY-BELLS

Made on the flower farms of Grasse, in Southern France. Admitted to be the most delicious perfume ever distilled.

Savon May-Bells

repeats this fragrance in the form of a soap, which from its purity and softness is most beneficial to the complexion.

Wholesale Depot:
56-58 Murray St.,
New York.

Samples of either sent on receipt of ten cents.



TOO-FAT—Anti-Obesity Pills reduce stoutness surely—4 lbs. a week; cause no sickness; guaranteed harmless. Particulars (sealed), 4c. Herbal Remedy Co. (U. S.) Phila. Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL CRAZY QUILT of 500 sq. inches can be made with our package of 60 splendid silk and satin pieces, assorted bright colors, 25c.; 5 packs, \$1.00. Silk Plush and Velvet, 40 large pieces, assorted colors, 50c. Emb. Silk, 40c. per oz. Lemarie's Silk Mill, Little Ferry, New Jersey.

SAVE When you buy a SAFETY BICYCLE. AGENT'S DISCOUNTS. We have no agents, but allow same discount to riders. Send 6c in stamps for full particulars and illust. catalogue of 20 highest grade cushion & pneumatic. Direct Dealing Cycle Co., Box 592, Baltimore, Md.

Borning Better Babies or none. 25 cents. Dr. Foote's Health Hints and Recipes, 128 pages. 25 c. Diseases of Men, \$10 worth of advice for 10 cts. Diseases of Women, 48 pages, illustrated, 10 cts.

FREE A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only. THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO., 334 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.



IT'S A SECRET—

that many women owe their beauty to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The reason—beauty of form and face, as well as grace, radiate from the common center—health. The best bodily condition results from good food, fresh air, and exercise, coupled with the judicious use of the "Prescription." In maidenhood, womanhood, and motherhood, it's a supporting tonic that's peculiarly adapted to her needs, regulating, strengthening, and curing, the derangements of the sex.

If there be headache, pain in the back, bearing-down sensations, or general debility, or if there be nervous disturbances, nervous prostration, and sleeplessness, the "Prescription" reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it. It dispels aches and pains, corrects displacements and cures catarrhal inflammation of the lining membranes. It's guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money paid for it is refunded.

DIXON'S AMERICAN GRAPHITE PENCILS

Are unequalled for smooth, tough points. Samples worth double the money for 18c. Jos. Dixon Crucible Co., Jersey City, N. J. Mention FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY.



MISS FLORENCE E. BEHLER, No. 37 Alma St., Allegheny, Penna. writes: Dermo-Royale works like a charm. My face was covered with freckles and in less than two weeks' time they are all gone. My complexion is now clear and white as a child's. Everyone can see what Dermo-Royale did for me.

Mrs. Ella M. Murray, Newton, N. C. writes: I have used one bottle and have found a great change. I had what the doctors here called Skin Leprosy—large brown spots, causing no pain or trouble, except the looks. Now they have entirely gone and I can recommend Dermo-Royale highly. Please send me your terms to agents.

May Von Hoens, No. 807 Dayton Street, Newport, Ky. writes: For nearly five years I was afflicted with eczema. My face was a mass of sores and scabs and the itching was terrible. I found nothing that could help me until I tried your Dermo-Royale. I have not used quite a bottle and my skin is smooth and clear. I call myself cured, and consider Dermo-Royale the greatest remedy in the world.

Miss Lillie Hanna, No. 23 Brainard Block, Cleveland, Ohio, writes: Your Dermo-Royale cured my blackheads in two nights.

6183 SUCH TESTIMONIALS RECEIVED DURING 1892.

Nothing will CURE, CLEAR and WHITEN the skin so quickly as

DERMA-ROYALE

The new discovery for curing cutaneous affections, removing discolorations and bleaching and brightening the complexion. In experimenting in the laundry with a new bleach for fine fabrics it was discovered that all spots, freckles, tan, and other discolorations were quickly removed from the hands and arms without the slightest injury to the skin. The discovery was submitted to experienced Dermatologists and Physicians who incorporated it with well known curatives and prepared for us the marvelous Dermo-Royale. THERE NEVER WAS ANYTHING LIKE IT. It is perfectly harmless and so simple a child can use it. Apply at night—the improvement apparent after a single application will surprise and delight you. One bottle completely removes and cures the most aggravated case and thoroughly clears, whitens and beautifies the complexion. It has never failed—IT CAN NOT FAIL. It is highly recommended by Physicians and its sure results warrant us in offering

\$500 REWARD.—To assure the public of its merits we agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars CASH, for any case of eczema, pimples, blotches, moth-patches, brown spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan or any other cutaneous discolorations or blemishes, (excepting birth-marks, scars and those of a hereditary or kindred nature) that Dermo-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. We also agree to forfeit Five Hundred Dollars to any person whose skin can be injured in the slightest possible manner, or to anyone whose complexion (no matter in how bad condition it may be) will not be cleared, whitened, improved and beautified by the use of Dermo-Royale.

Put up in elegant style in large eight-ounce bottles.

Price, \$1.00. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED. Dermo-Royale sent to any address, safely packed and securely sealed from observation, safe delivery guaranteed, on receipt of price, \$1. per bottle. Send money by registered letter or money order, with your full post-office address written plainly; be sure to give your County, and mention this paper. Correspondence sacredly private. Postage stamps received as cash.

Agents Wanted. Send for Terms. Sells on Sight. Address THE DERMA-ROYALE COMPANY, Corner Baker and Vine Streets, CINCINNATI, OHIO.



KATE JORDAN.—PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

MISS KATE JORDAN—EVELYN MALCOLM.

It surely will not be amiss if I at once confess that the subject of this little biographical sketch is a "chum" of mine; and the friendship which exists between us cannot certainly be a bar to my claim of being first in the field in the matter of making her literary career better known to the public who admire her recently-published novels, especially "The Kiss of Gold," in *Lippincott's* for October, and the story entitled "A Rose of the Mire," in the same magazine for March. Judging from the numerous favorable newspaper notices in regard to the former, it is quite easy to see that she has found favor with the reviewers, who marvel at the strong and vigorous touch for so young a woman, and the remarkably keen study of character, particularly masculine character, for her insight is by no means skin deep.

Miss Jordan is of Irish birth, having been born in Dublin, but of American education, and has lived nearly all her life in New York. She commenced to build romances when a little child, and when only twelve years old, and still in short frocks, she sent her first story to FRANK LESLIE'S—but it was never heard from. Another went forth to *Harper's* and met the same fate. But she had the fever of *caracthes scribendi*, and did not despair, and a little later she was writing intense love stories for several weekly papers, and earning a goodly amount of pin money. Very soon a serious novel was done, with a time-honored plot, and a hero and heroine too conventional to offend any one. When finished it covered about three hundred sheets of foolscap, and weighed nearly four pounds. This story, named and re-named, went the rounds of editors and publishers throughout the country. It came back from one house with an encouraging letter, which helped the writer to think, and determine to study life instead of Miss Braddon's novels. More often than Noah's dove returned to the ark the manuscript came back. It was sent out at first a clean, fresh, neatly-written manuscript, but it returned after its many wanderings dog-eared and dirty, sad and slippery; it went out a buoyant drummer, and came back a scarred veteran.

An editor refused an ambitious short story Miss Jordan wrote, but, thinking she had good descriptive power, gave her some syndicate work to do. From that, as a natural sequence,

she volunteered all sorts of "specials" for the daily papers under the pen name of "Evelyn Malcolm." She still writes newspaper articles and serials under that *nom de guerre*. Miss Jordan says: "I believe the writing of these serials, where action must be quick and events flow to a periodical climax, cultivates the dramatic instinct and assists the imagination, and I enjoy writing them very much."

Miss Jordan had always intended some day to write a story in which character study would be the chief point. And she declares that if she had never heard Moszkowski's serenade played divinely, and had never seen E. S. Willard as *Judah*, "The Other House" might never have been suggested to her. She wrote the story at odd moments and took it to *Lippincott's*. It was refused because considered too daring in plot, but she was asked to write another. "The Kiss of Gold" was the result, which was written much more quickly and more easily than the first. For three years Miss Jordan lived in a house similar to the one described as Virginia's home, opposite the college grounds, and she frequently attended the little chapel there.

Miss Jordan is a systematic worker, and she has a leather-bound journal in which every day something is jotted down—some bit of street incident actually seen, a conversation overheard, a face, an event, a sentiment, and this fund is drawn upon for incidents in her stories. She says that nothing inspires her like crowds and sad music, and the latter "even from a barrel organ." But frequently Miss Jordan has to obey her publisher rather than her Pegasus, when she will write well into the morning to get a certain story done on time.

If you are fortunate enough to visit her in her "den" you will find it a delightful haven done up in matting, bamboo, and Japanese crepe, with herself probably in a Japanese kimono of blue and white, a most fitting frame to her dark and picturesque beauty. She is a student as well, and her favorite preceptors are Shakespeare, Swinburne, Tennyson, Balzac, Loti, and the Rubaiyat. Miss Jordan is a member of the Twelfth Night Club, also the Woman's Press Club, and at one time belonged to the Bonicault School of Acting. Miss Jordan has a fascinating personality and a voice of magnetic sweetness, but if you meet her she will talk of anything and everything except her work and the trade of literature.

ELLA STARR.

Marion Harland's

able article on Soup Making (HOUSEKEEPER'S WEEKLY, Feb. 11, 1893) deals with all kinds of Preserved Soups.

The following is an **EXTRACT** from same:
"I have tried every variety of 'White Label' Soups and found all invariably admirable."

A Copy of the Complete Article will be Mailed Free.

On receipt of price we will ship, express paid, our "White Label" Soups in case lots to any part of the United States reached by express. Delivered prices: Quarts \$3.00 per dozen, Pints \$2.00 per dozen, ½ Pints \$1.50 per dozen.

Consomme, French Bouillon, Julienne, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable, Mulligatawny, Chicken, Chicken Gumbo, Beef, Purée of Green Peas, Tomato, Kidney, Ox-Tail, Mock Turtle, Purée of Game, Solo Purée, Assorted.

Send 10 Cents and the name of your Grocer for Sample Can.

ARMOUR PACKING CO.
SOUP DEPARTMENT,
KANSAS CITY.

RETAIL 25¢ PER QUART

NO TERRORS FOR HIM.

"Your money or your life!" said the highwayman, punctuating his demand with a cocked revolver.

"Shoot if you want to," replied Cossett. "I belong to the suicide club."—*Judge*.



NO QUARTER.

Stern Bros.

direct attention to their

Celebrated Classique Corsets

in models adapted to all figures,

Also

The new Empire Styles and Brassieres

with complete assortments

of their well known

Hand-Made

French Corsets

in exclusive styles.

West 23d St.

A VISIT TO THE

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Will be incomplete unless it includes a Visit to the

YELLOWSTONE PARK

Through Coaches from CHICAGO via the NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

For information, rates, tickets, etc., call on or write,
GEO. R. FITCH, 319 Broadway, New York.
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TRADE MARK

GLYCERINE-SOAP

Guaranteed to contain no rosin, or any injurious substances. Delicacy of Perfume unequalled.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

Entirely New. A Grand Educator.

Ten years were spent in its preparation, a hundred editors employed, over \$300,000 expended.

A Library in Itself

Invaluable in the household, and to the teacher, the professional man, and self-educator.

Sold by all Booksellers.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM CO., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Send for free prospectus.

Do not buy reprints of ancient editions.

Convenience and Economy

effected in every household by the use of

Liebig Company's

Extract of Beef.

The best way to improve and strengthen Soups and Sauces of all kinds is to add a little of this famous product.



A GENUINE SENSATION.

FIRST DRAMATIC REPORTER—"Say, did you hear that sensation about Madame Primadonna's diamonds?"

SECOND DRAMATIC REPORTER—"What, are they stolen again?"

FIRST DRAMATIC REPORTER—"No; they're real."

A
GRAND
COMBINATION.

YALE MIXTURE
FOR THE PIPE.

A Delightful Blend of St. James Parish, Louisiana, Perique, Genuine Imported Turkish, Extra Bright Plug Cut, Extra Bright Long Cut, and Marburg Bros.' Celebrated Brand "Pickings."

MARBURG BROS.

★ THE GREAT MEDICINAL FOOD ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

PURE, DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN
FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS,
FOR DYSPEPTIC, DELICATE, INFIRM AND AGED PERSONS
AN UNRIVALLED FOOD IN THE SICK-ROOM

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. * SHIPPING DEPOT—JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK

ED. PINAUD'S
Unrivalled Preparation for the Hair.
EAU DE QUININE.
A Stimulant, a Beautifier, a positive Dandruff Cure. An Indispensable Toilet Luxury.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

ONE PRICE COLUMBIAS

He who would own a Columbia pays the price of it—the same price for everybody—Keep both eyes on the man who has a "seein' it's you" price—you don't know what you're getting—the world knows Columbias.

All About Columbias,—free at Columbia agencies, or sent by mail for two two-cent stamps. Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

45 lbs.

of Prime Beef, free of fat, are required to make one pound of

Armour's
Extract of BEEF

Our little Cook Book tells how to use Armour's Extract in Soups and Sauces—a different Soup for each day in the month.

We mail Cook Book free; send us your address.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

The F. & M.
Schaefer
Brewing Co.'s
Bock Beer

On Draught at all Customers.

Bottled at the Brewery for Family, Hotel and Export trade.

NEW YORK

EARL & WILSON'S.
MEN'S LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS.
"ARE THE BEST"
FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

1784. **BARBOUR'S** 1893. Used by Ladies Everywhere

Embroidery, KNITTING AND Crochet Work.

For Cluny, Antique, Russian, Macramé and other Laces.

Sold by all respectable dealers throughout the country, on Spools and in Balls.

LINEN FLOSS in SKEINS or BALLS.

THE BARBOUR BROTHERS COMPANY.
NEW YORK, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, ST. LOUIS, SAN FRANCISCO.
Ask for BARBOUR'S

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

Pears' Soap

Skin blemishes, like foul teeth, are the more offensive because they are mostly voluntary.

The pores are closed. One cannot open them in a minute; he may in a month.

Try plenty of soap, give it plenty of time, and often; excess of good soap will do no harm. Use Pears'—no alkali in it; nothing but soap.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people are using it.

Beware of Crude Cocoas, Sold as Soluble.

Van Houten's Cocoa

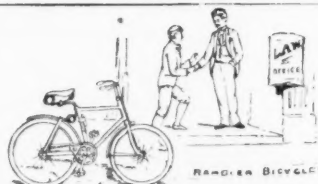
—(BEST & GOES FARTHEST)—

is Manufactured on Scientific Principles,
Highly Digestible and Nutritious,
known all over the civilized Globe as the Peer
of all Cocoas.

Good living

doesn't come from riches. It comes first, and brings riches. While the poor man walks, he will stay poor. His prosperity begins when he rides, and eats a good dinner, and carries a good watch. A "poor" watch is the very badge of poverty, worse than none; but either condition is too expensive for a poor man: he can't afford to lose the time of day. Keeping that under his thumb, he may yet be wealthy. Then comes true economy: diamonds for his wife; a man to guard them. But still, for his own pocket, the same trusty watch that "made" him: the quick-winding Waterbury.

All styles at all jewelers. \$4 to \$15.



I Say, Old Man,

You must. Gymnasium won't do it—BICYCLE out to Nature and fresh air—that's rest. Your cycling clerks do most work—take the hint. My Rambler was a paying investment.

Handsome Catalogue free
GORMULLY & JEFFERY Mfg. Co.,
Chicago, Boston, Washington, New York

BAILEY'S RUBBER

Complexion Brush



What it has
done for others
it will do
for you.

What is said by those who have used it:
Oily Sallow Skin After using your Complexion Brush for six weeks I have surprised myself and my friends with a healthy complexion.

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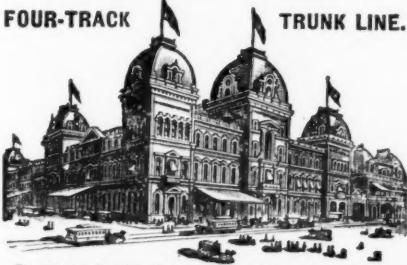
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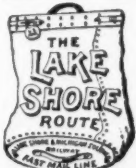


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